THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY WM. M. SWAIN & CO., LEDGER BUILDINGS, S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS---$1 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXI. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1863. NO. 11.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TO M. J. E.

BY A. P. M'COMBS.

When the rosy tints of morning
All the Orient is adorning,
Giving Erebus a warning
He must flee;
And the stars the sky 's forsaking,
And a twittering birds are making,
Then my earliest thoughts on waking
Turn to thee.

When the neontide heat is over,
Naught is heard out shady cover,
Save the hum among the clover
Of the bee;
When the day is o'er and ended,
And the evening scores attended,
Then my thoughts, from care suspended,
Turn to thee.

And when night her sceptre 's swaying,
And the shadows dark are straying,
With the moonbeams go a playing,
O'er the lea,
Then of thee I muse and ponder,
Ere old Morpheus gets me under,
And in dreamland still I wander,
Turn to thee.

When the spring of youth is gushing
And the joyous summer's blushing,
And the golden autumn's flushing
Field and tree,
Or the wintry storms are sweeping,
And cold age is o'er me creeping,
Still my heart will keep warm beating
Unto thee,

When at home, or widely straying,
Health, or sickness on me 's laying,
When I've wealth, or on me 's preying
Poverty;
All life 's changes cannot sever;
E'en beyond death's darksome river,
Will my thoughts outflow forever,
Turn to thee.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CONSISTENCY.

BY CONRAD.

A jewel ! the last for which we mine ;
And yet the rarest of Earth's hidden gems ;
Brighter than all the diamond stars that shine
On monarch's breasts and gild their diadems !
A pearl of wisdom, that we never reach
Who dive at random, for such wealth, below
The restless waves that dash upon life's beach,
And leave of worth so little when they go.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

THE THREE BRIDALS.

A STORY OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY MARGARET DUFFOU.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XI.

" A wayworn man,
In pilgrim garb, stood nigh,
Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,
Of proud yet restless eye.
But drops that would not stay for pride
From that dark eye gushed free,
As, pressing his pale brow, he cried,
' Forgotten ! e'en by thee !' "

One afternoon, about sunset, as Emma and her mother were seated in their "vine-clad porch," enjoying the balmy air, a horseman alighted at their gate, and asked if he might be allowed a night's rest under their roof.

Mrs. Prescott was too thoroughly *Southern* in her hospitality ever to refuse a wanderer shelter, a bade him enter and be welcome.

The stranger murmured his thanks and sank into a seat, apparently overcome with fatigue. Emma, at her mother's request, went in to order tea, that the traveller might retire.

"You seem *very* weary, Sir," said Mrs. Prescott.

"Ah, Madam," he sighed, "it is the weariness of *heart*, not of *body* !"

He spoke so sadly, that her gentle heart was touched, and she spoke kindly and cheering words to him, speaking gratefully of *Him* who had soothed her weary spirit when she had well-nigh "fainted by the way."

"*Yours* is a holy and blessed faith, Madam," he replied; "would that it were also *mine* !"

"Ask of Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not," she continued, "and you *shall receive* !"

Mrs. Prescott felt that she was so near the end of her pilgrimage, that she never lost an opportunity of dropping a word of counsel or encouragement, hoping it might prove "a word *fitly spoken* !"

Emma now returned, and having her mother wheeled to the table, invited the wayfarer to enter. He did so, and Emma could *feel* that his eyes were constantly riveted upon her in keen scrutiny; it was so disagreeable to her, that she escaped it as soon as possible, by inviting him to go to his room, saying that he *must need rest*.

She retired to her own room, wondering what it was about the stranger that puzzled her so much, for she could not recollect ever having seen him before.

Next morning, as Emma was paying her daily visit to her floral pets, singing softly, "Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear my voice ascending high," etc., she heard a deep sigh, and turning hastily, met the same earnest gaze that had so troubled her the night previous. It was the traveller.

"Excuse my intrusion, Miss Prescott—but tell me the secret of your happiness ?"

"Contentment [illegible] a habitual trust in God's goodness [illegible] and a firm belief that *all* things [illegible] for the good of them that love [illegible]."

"A sweet [illegible] sorrow."

"A sweet [illegible] known- [illegible] have [illegible] except [illegible]."

"Why are you [illegible] dignity.

"Spare me, angel—as you are—I deserve all you can say—but you once said you had forgiven even *me*," he replied, in such tones of anguish, that her heart smote her.

"Yes, oh yes, I *have*, I *do* forgive you !" said she, eagerly.

He then related to her rapidly all that had passed since last they met. Concealing only Inez's name, he told her how his marriage had been brought about—of his suicidal attempt and its effects, and of his subsequent aimless wanderings. "Recently," he added, "I have been tormented by a desire to look once more upon your sweet face. I felt if I could only know that *you* were *happy*, that my life would be less burdensome. Thank God, you *are* happy—and I will again go forth a wanderer upon the world's highway."

Emma listened with breathless interest to his narrative, and yet as she listened realized how *utterly dead* was that love which once glowed in her young heart for him who now stood before her a *miserable wreck* !

"Henry," said she, kindly, after he had finished, "you can scarcely imagine what a gratification it is to me, to discover that what my cousin wrote me of you was not the whole truth." She then told him what Inez had written; after which he felt at liberty to tell her of what had passed between himself and Inez, and what had led to all of this trouble. Emma was horrified, and could scarcely believe it possible that her cousin could be so false. She then urged him to give up these aimless wanderings, which could never bring peace. She told him that she had long since ceased to love him as of old, but would now love him and counsel him as she would have done a dear *brother*. She besought him to return to his deserted wife, and begin life anew—and then he too would find contentment.

"My poor wife," said he sadly, "yes, I have forgotten that, as she loved me so devotedly, I could have made her happy. I will go to her, and if she can still love her unworthy husband, I will endeavor to lead a different life."

"God will surely aid you in the discharge of duty," said Emma, "and I doubt not you will find your wife as devoted as ever."

Breakfast being over, Henry took his leave, and Mrs. Prescott learned, to her great astonishment, who had been their guest. She, like Emma, was horror-stricken at Inez's perfidy—but bearing no malice against, freely forgave her, as they hoped to be forgiven for *their* many offences.

"Against *such* there is no law !"

CHAPTER XII.

" Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with *unshed tears*."

Now we will turn to Cecilia, and see what the great mystery of life has unfolded for *her* since, a *sorrow-stricken woman*, she returned to that home from whence she had emerged, only a few short weeks previous, a *joyous gladsome child* ! She returned a pale, silent woman; the shadow which had settled so hopelessly upon her smooth brow seemed strangely at variance with the dimpled, infantile beauty of her face. Her soft, blue eyes now gleamed out from beneath their long brown lashes, glistening with unshed tears, and with an appealing expression as though entreating sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. Lansing were very fond of her, but being gay, worldly people, knew not how to speak comfort to such a bruised heart. They were indignant at Henry's desertion of their darling, and could not understand it—for she had never told them of *all* that had passed. She simply begged them never to mention her husband's name except with respect, or she would be forced to leave their roof. And in reply to their entreaties that she would again mingle in the gay crowd which constantly thronged their house, would say, mournfully, "No—no—no, you know not what you ask; I should be but a spectre at the feast. If you love your child, just leave her to follow her own inclinations." Seeing that nothing could move her, they ceased to molest her.

One evening, as she sat alone in her room, the sounds of mirth and revelry, from below, ever and anon reaching her ear—her slight, fairy-like form almost buried in the luxurious depths of a large arm-chair, the small, beautifully-formed head resting on the palm of her snowy hand, in an attitude of sad, sorrowful thought. As the strains of gay music, and the joyous laugh of the revellers floated by on the air, as though in mockery, she murmured bitterly: "Ah ! a few short months ago, *I* was the life of that gay throng, and *now*—what am I ? *A deserted*, broken-hearted *wife* ! Not cast aside after the bloom of youth had faded from my cheek and the love-light from my eye, but left *hopeless* and *unloved* in the morning of life, with the prospect of long, long years of such misery before me. Oh ! Henry, my own erring, but fondly loved husband, why did you not let me cling to you, all fallen and changed as you were ? Why ?—why ?—ah, because no spark of love glowed in his heart for his wife—he looked upon me only as a weak and foolish *child* !"

The slight, girlish frame quivered with grief, and large crystal drops gathered in her eyes and glided slowly down her cheek. Suddenly her room door was thrown violently open, and Judy, Cecilia's maid, rushed in, her great eyes distended with terror, and fell, sobbing, at Cecilia's feet, almost breathless and unable to speak for her agitation.

"What is it, Judy ?" said Cecilia, in great alarm. "*Do* tell me what is the matter; you frighten me."

"Oh !—Miss—*Cilia*," said she, sobbing and catching her breath between every word, "my poor old granny—*your* old mammy—oh, oh, oh !"

"Well, speak quickly, Judy, and tell me what about old mammy ?"

"Oh !—Miss—Cilia—she dying—I spec—she done—dead by—now—oh, my—poor granny ! Please mam—come quick—mistis and massa all wid de fine company—and I know—she rudder have you !"

Hurriedly, Cecilia threw on a large shawl, and accompanied by the sobbing Judy, hastened to old Chloe's cottage, which was at the *quarter*, several hundred yards from the house.

Old Chloe had been Mrs. Lansing's maid when a girl, and upon her marriage she promoted Chloe to be housekeeper and nurse. When Cecilia was born, Judy was an infant, and Mrs. Lansing's health being feeble, her physicians insisted upon a wet-nurse for the child, so she was consigned to Chloe. She joyfully accepted her charge, and from her faithful sable bosom Cecilia drew life and strength. Chloe became so fond of the child that she could not bear to have her out of her sight, and loved her *better* than her *own* child—which is not unfrequently the case with these sable foster-mothers. Little Cecilia reciprocated warmly this devotion, and would, to the great delight of Chloe and chagrin of Mrs. Lansing, cry to leave her mother's arms for her *mammy's* ! Chloe, to *comfort* Mrs. Lansing, would say, "Never mind, mistis, she *larn* to like you berry well when she get a leetle bigger. *I'll* teach her !"

This affection between foster-mother and child had never decreased, but *increased* with time; so Cecilia could not have been much more distressed at the illness of her own mother. When she reached Chloe's cottage, she found the poor old creature stiff and spasmed—eyes rolled back and teeth set—insensible. She instantly sent for a physician, and applied mustard cataplasms, administered brandy, and bathed the poor old creature's stiff limbs and cold feet with her own hands. By the time the doctor came, she began to revive.

He waited until she was better, and then left, leaving medicine to be taken through the night.

"Do, *do*, Doctor, tell me if she is dangerously ill," pleaded Cecilia.

"I will not deceive you, Mrs. Turnbull," he replied, "the old creature will never be well again; but with careful nursing she may live for weeks yet."

The tears rushed to Cecilia's eyes, but she quietly took note of his directions, and despatched Judy for her *robe de chambre* and slippers, that she might make herself comfortable for the night. As soon as Judy returned with them, she bade her lie down and go to sleep, as she intended watching by her granny. Blessing her young mistress' kind heart, Judy was soon "in the land of nod," as her somnolent music testified. Cecilia felt sad and lonely. She clung to her old foster-mother with sincere affection, and knew if she were taken away that she would lose a most fond and devoted friend, and a sense of desolation crept over her.

The old creature moved uneasily. Cecilia rose and administered the medicine, and bathed the burning head and hands with cool spring water—thus soothed, Chloe fell into an uneasy slumber. Early next morning, she awoke, and Cecilia was delighted to perceive that she was sensible.

Old Chloe opened her eyes and stared all around inquiringly, looked at the sleeping Judy, and then in amazement at Cecilia, seated by her bed-side in her *robe de chambre*.

"Why, what dis ?" said the old woman. "What you doin here, chile—is it you—or is't your ghost ?"

"No, mammy, it is no ghost, but your own *Cilia*—you have been very ill all night, so I stayed with you; but you are better now, try and go to sleep."

The old creature looked at her with a long, earnest gaze of deathless affection, and then taking Cecilia's hand in both of hers, fell asleep as sweetly as a child. Next morning the Doctor called, and complimented Cecilia's skill as a nurse, saying that Chloe was far better than he had expected to find her. He beckoned to Cecilia as he was leaving, and when they were both outside of the cottage, he told her that Chloe would doubtless have a painful, lingering illness, and that she must send for the plantation nurse to come and stay with her, that she would only make herself sick if she attempted to nurse her through the attack. Cecilia promised to be careful, but secretly determined to devote herself as much as her parents would allow to Aunt Chloe, for she well knew if *she* were ill, that neither threats nor entreaties could prevail on the faithful creature to leave her, day or night. Aunt Chloe had heard all that the Doctor said, though he had spoken in a low tone, and when Cecilia re-entered her room said:

"The Doctor is right, honey; you is not to wear yourself out nussin a poor ole creatur like I is; for my *journey* is nearly ended. I bin warned in a vishun, weeks ago, to prepar fur deth. My house is all in order—I'se only waitin for my massa to call me home. Dese poor ole bones is glad to go to rest, and dis trubbled soul will go to de *New Jerusalem* !"

"Hush, oh hush, mammy, don't talk of leaving me—take me with you, I have nothing to live for," sobbed Cecilia, as she buried her face in Aunt Chloe's snowy counterpane. The old creature passed her withered fingers caressingly over the bright golden hair of the bowed head, but said nothing until after Cecilia's fit of weeping had passed away—then said she, solemnly:

"My chile, dat is sinful; don't talk so; God brought you into dis world of trubble and sorrer, and long as He keeps you here, dat's a *shure* sign He's got *sumthin* fur you to do. I'se de more convinced of dis fack, coz you is now gwine through what our good preacher calls de *fiery furnis'* and de *babtism* uv sorrer !"

Cecilia begged her not to talk any more, but to try and rest, that she would throw herself into a fever; but Chloe would not heed, saying that her time was short, and that she had a great deal yet to say.

"Listen to your poor ole mammy now, chile—frum de time I fust tuk you to dis black bress, I'se bin a prayin fur your soul. I'se prayed de good Lord to make you a *Christun*, let it cos what it might—ef sorrer and trubble were *nicissitus*, to let dem cum, jes so you might be saved at last. I couldn't bar de idee uv gwine up to glory and hab my darlin go down to torment and missury. Den you got married. I knew no good would ever cum uv sich as dat. Den you cum back to ole mammy so changed, dat I hab to ask myself, 'is dis *my Cilia* ?' But I still prayed fur you, dat God would give you peace, and I b'lieve, chile, dat He *will*, and a crown uv glory hereafter, ef you will only ask fur it !"

Cecilia cried out in bitterness: "Oh ! Aunt Chloe, there's no peace or happiness for *me*—I am deserted by God and man ! I *can't* pray, I've *forgotten how*. I haven't prayed since you used to teach me, when I was a little child !"

"Den, chile, de sooner you larns, de better; it's bad 'nuff fur a *man* ter be widout 'ligion and prayer; but 'taint no manner ob use fur a poor 'oman ter think she *kin* do widout it *at all*. Dey is weak, and *mus* hab sum staff, and when de earthly props fails 'em, whar will dey turn, ef not ter de *hebbenly* ?"

Ah, Cecilia had never been taught where to turn for comfort in the hour of darkness. Her mother and father attended service regularly once a Sabbath—had a missionary to preach to their blacks, and as to any farther duties, their consciences never troubled them—they were self-satisfied. Cecilia had been a mere butterfly of fashion, and had never, until now, felt but that the earth was Paradise enough for her; but now she was conscious of an indescribable yearning for peace and rest, and an "aching void, the world could never fill." Day after day, she spent in old Chloe's cottage, administering the necessary medicines, and, at her request, reading aloud to her from her great Bible. For Chloe, like many of the slaves, could read very well, and had her Bible and hymn-book; but her old eyes were dim now, and her hands too feeble to hold the large volume. At first she read mechanically, the words of the blessed book fell upon "ears that heard, but understood not;" it was a duty which she performed to please Chloe. Gradually, however, her eyes were opened, and she discerned the beauty of the great truths which she daily read. "Come unto me, all ye weary and heavy laden, and *I will* give you *rest* !" Ah, here was just what she needed, what she *thirsted* for ! The simple "story of the cross" touched her heart, as it had many others before; and old Chloe, though all unskilled in *worldly* lore, was "wise unto salvation." She expounded to Cecilia's thirsty soul all of these glorious and life-giving truths, in her plain, but humble and *sincere* manner—more impressive than the most skilfully worded discourses from carved and cushioned pulpits ! Cecilia heard with meekness, (for old Chloe had always adorned her profession,) her sorrow-laden heart yearned for a blessing. She cried to God for mercy and pardon for Christ's sake, and "He who heareth the raven's cry" heeded the feeble cry of this wounded, fluttering dove, and gently folded her to His *great heart of Love*, there to find peace and rest *for evermore* !

No words can describe old Chloe's joyful gratitude when she learned that her child had passed "from death unto life."

"Now, oh Lord, let dy servant depart in peace," she cried, when Cecilia, in meek and humble tones, told her of her faith in her Savior. She hugged and kissed her—cried and laughed—seemed almost beside herself.

"T'would seem as though this had been all for which she had tarried upon earth for—for this time, she began to fail perceptibly. She would lie for hours in a stupor, and then rousing herself, would sing, in her weak, old, quavering voice, her simple songs of Zion. Oftentimes she would fancy Cecilia lay on her bosom, again an infant, and would sing to her loving lullabies, and hush her to sleep. Cecilia remained with her almost constantly, tending her with filial affection. One day she had been lying for some time unconscious, when suddenly she roused up and called Cecilia, who came to her immediately, and saw instantly that a great change had come over her. The cold dew gathered thickly on the dark brow, and the old voice was weaker than ever. She gazed at Cecilia lovingly for awhile, and then whispered: "Come closer to me, my chile, ole granny is gwine home fast—don't cry—I'm reddy and willin ter go *now*—God will bress yer darlin—put yer truss in Him. Pray fur yer husban, and when he comes back, as he's *shure* ter do, ef yer beg God ter bring him, try ter lead him to our Savior and meet ole granny in Hebben. I'll be a waitin and a watchin fur yer at de gate." Then calling Judy to her, she charged her to be faithful to her mistress, and meet her in Heaven. She sank back exhausted, and lay for some time apparently insensible. Suddenly she stretched out her bony arms—her dim eyes blazed as she seemed to gaze upon some scene hidden from mortal ken—then cried exultingly: "Glory ! glory ! glory !—I cum—I cum, blessed Jesus—I cum !" and fell back. The emancipated spirit had winged its flight to its Maker, to receive, as we hope and believe, the welcome plaudit: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !" She had gone where there was "no respect of persons," no difference made on account of the color—her *soul* was made *white* in the blood of the Lamb of Calvary ! Her voice, no longer cracked and quavering, could now unite in singing hosannas to her beloved Savior, in company with that white-robed throng around the throne of God. Her revered body was interred in the plantation cemetery, on the banks of the river, and a neat marble slab placed over her resting-place, at Cecilia's instance, which bore this inscription: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord !"

After the excitement was all over, Cecilia paid for her unremitting devotion to Chloe by a spell of sickness—she lay for two weeks on a bed of suffering; but so sweetly patient and cheerful, that it was a blessed privilege to visit her chamber. Her father and mother saw that a great change had come over her, though they could not understand it. So spiritual was her appearance, that they feared she would take wings and fly away. She recovered, and with returning health and strength, regained also a cheerfulness and composure that she had not known since her marriage—nay, since her *birth*—for it was the fruit of that "peace which passeth all understanding !" She no longer refused to mingle in society, but was ever on the watch to speak some word which, falling in good soil, might bring forth good fruit to life everlasting ! All saw that, though *in* the world, she was not *of it*, and recognized in her "the beauty of holiness ?"

CHAPTER XIII.

" O ! could'st thou but know,
With what a deep devotedness of wo
I wept thy absence o'er and o'er again,
Thinking of thee, still *thee*, till *thought* grew pain !"

Henry Turnbull left Mrs. Prescott's, and wended his way towards Louisiana, determined to seek out his deserted wife, and live to make her happy. As he was sailing up the Mississippi upon one of the floating palaces which throng that noble stream, he found that a large party on board were going to Mr. Lansing's home. He never seemed satisfied unless his house was thronged with company. No one noticed the quiet stranger, or dreamed of recognizing in him the once gay and handsome Henry Turnbull. He listened eagerly to hear some tidings of his wife—he had not to wait very long, before he heard one gentleman exclaim to another, who was evidently a newcomer: "Well ! you'll see in Cecilia Turnbull what you never have seen before on earth, an *angel* in *female form* !" He then proceeded to descant upon her loveliness and unobtrusive piety, until Henry could not suppress a keen pang of jealousy. He now determined to join the party and go with them to Mr. Lansing's as a stranger. He revealed himself and his plans to one of his old friends, who was of the party, who readily agreed to introduce him as a Mr. *Trumbull*. They reached Mr. Lansing's hospitable roof about dusk, and were at once conducted to their rooms to make their toilettes for the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Lansing received the *stranger* with the utmost cordiality, and begged him to make himself perfectly at *home*. After changing their dresses, Henry and his friend descended, and were about to enter the brilliantly-illuminated parlors, when Henry grasped his friend's arm convulsively and turned deadly pale. His friend saw at a glance that his eye was riveted upon Cecilia, who stood at the remote end of the room, her spirituality and unearthly beauty shedding, as it were, a halo of glory around her.

Henry told his friend that it was *impossible* for him to meet her in the crowd, that he should unavoidably betray himself, but that he would repair to the conservatory, and there await them. His friend soon found means to induce Cecilia to walk with him into the conservatory. Henry stood in the shadow of a column, so that he was not recognized. His friend affected surprise upon finding him there, but presented him to his *wife* as a dear friend who had just returned from foreign lands, and making some excuse, soon left them alone.

"So you have been a *wanderer*," said Cecilia, in a trembling tone, as her thoughts reverted to *her* dear wanderer, who was straying, as she supposed, thousands of miles from her.

"Yes, Madam," he replied, in a very low voice, "and my *compagnon du voyage* was one well known to *you* !"

She started, and gazing inquiringly at him, gasped out, in great agitation:

"Who—my husband ?"

He bowed in the affirmative.

"Ah !" cried she, eagerly, "*Do* tell me something of him—was he well—did he ever speak of returning home ?—(She would have said to his *wife*, but remembered that the gentleman before her was a *stranger* !)

"Yes, Madam, it is his *earnest desire* to do so, but a sense of his unworthiness restrains him."

"Ah ! he would not hesitate, if he could only know how fondly, how anxiously, he is expected day after day, and week after week !"

"What !" he exclaimed, "could you, *would* you receive him as though he had never *fallen* ?"

"*Fallen ! fallen* !" cried she, indignantly. "Who *dares* say he has *fallen* ? He erred, but was basely betrayed by those in whom he *trusted* !"

"*He* dares say it, Cecilia," said he, stepping forward, and standing in the full blaze of light before her.

With one joyous cry, she flung her white arms around his neck, and sobbed like a child. "Oh ! my husband, my *precious* husband—will you—will you leave your poor wife again ! Only let me follow you—I'll be your *slave*—anything—but do not—*do not* forsake me again."

"Never, never ! so help me God !" he ejaculated, in tones of the deepest emotion. "Cecilia, I do not *deserve* this welcome, and now I promise you solemnly *never* again to leave you, unless *you* banish me !"

"Ah ! then it will never, never be, indeed !" she replied, clinging to him, as though fearful he would escape. He held her tightly to his breast as he recapitulated all that we have related that had occurred since he left her—not omitting his visit to Emma, and her request.

"God bless her," cried Cecilia. In return, she recounted to him her trials and struggles, and how she had "sorrowed as one without hope," until, through old Chloe's instrumentality, she was led to "*find peace in believing* !"

After she finished, he said, mournfully, "Ah ! Cecilia, I am not *worthy* of you—indeed, I am not !"

She only clung more closely to him, saying: "Don't, don't talk so—you break my heart—you make me fear that you will again leave me."

"No, darling, I will endeavor to do all that *you* wish hereafter—I can at least be a kind and loving husband, if I can't be worthy of such an *angel* !" Here she stopped his mouth with her tiny hand, and bade him come and let her parents and friends rejoice with her over her newly-found treasure.

When he was again presented to Mr. and Mrs. Lansing, he humbly confessed his faults, but promised, if they would now entrust their child to him, to make it the object of his life to render her happy. One glance at Cecilie's radiant countenance convinced them that it was in his *power*, so they withheld not their consent. Cecilia presented her husband to all of her friends and received their congratulations, her face beaming with happiness.

They remained with Mr. and Mrs. Lansing a short time, and then removed to Galveston to reside, unwilling to find a home again in New Orleans. A [illegible] we will bid them farewell—both had learned never-to-be-forgotten lessons during their separation, but for which they were now grateful. God granted Cecilia's constant and earnest prayers, and gave her husband as a *co-worker* with her in her Master's vineyard. Little children came, and brought still greater felicity to their hearth. They felt the importance of the charge, and endeavored to rear them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Henry wrote to Emma, telling her of their peace and joy, after so much sorrow, and informed her that he had named his first daughter "*Emma Prescott*," at the request of his wife, and urged her to come when convenient and make them a visit in their beautiful home.

CHAPTER XIV.

" My bride,
My wife, my life. Oh ! we will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee ; come,
Yield thyself up ; my hopes and thine are one :
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself,
Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me !"

Emma received with joy the tidings of Henry's and Cecilia's blissful re-union, and wrote, congratulating them, also sending a token of affection to her namesake. But as she wrote them, she felt that her mother was daily fading away, and she could never think of leaving her, even to visit such dear friends as they were. Yes, 'twas true, and Mrs. Prescott knew it, that in a very short time she would have to leave Emma alone. Death had no other sting for her, and even this lost its power when she remembered that the "Father of the fatherless" would watch over her child.

Dr. Carleton became every day more and more marked in his attentions to Emma, and finally proposed to her in due form. She told him very frankly how highly she esteemed him, but then, telling him of her early dream of love and its rude awakening, assured him that it was out of her power to love again as she had *then*."

"Miss Prescott," he replied, "I do not *wish* such love as *that* was—it was not *love*. You worshipped an *ideal*, and if you had married Henry, you would have discovered it. I am but *a man*, and a man full of faults—as such I would win your love, trusting that you will aid me to be a better man. I love you, as I've *never* loved before—and yet *I married my ideal* ! I will not censure the dead—*she* has been judged long since, I suppose, by her Maker—suffice it to say, I was *bitterly deceived*, and was a wretched husband. Your unaffected piety and filial devotion, and beautiful, unselfish life, have restored my faith in woman—and I now *beseech* you to bless my life !"

She requested "time for consideration," which was, of course, granted. She told her mother all. Mrs. Prescott told her she "would rather see her lying pale and cold in her shroud than see her marry *any* man without loving him—but, of all the men I have ever seen, I would prefer as a son-in-law Robert Carleton." Emma studied her own heart closely; she did not wish to deceive either herself or Dr. Carleton. She found that her regard for him differed *very* widely from the feelings she had entertained for Henry—and yet she *now* felt if she had to choose between the two, her choice would be Dr. Carleton ! She had such perfect faith in him and his principles, and such child-like confidence in all that he said and did, she could but think that she would never regret becoming his "true and honorable wife !" One afternoon, as she was pacing the piazza, evidently deeply absorbed in thought, Robert walked in.

"May I inquire of what you were thinking so intently, Miss Emma ?" inquired he.

"Shall I be *very* candid ?" she replied.

"*Certainly* !"

"Well, then, of no less a personage than *yourself* !" said Emma, archly.

"I hope, then, that you were deciding the momentous question submitted to you some time ago," answered the Doctor.

Emma's blushes replied in the affirmative.

"May I hope," said he, earnestly gazing into her clear eyes, "that you have decided to give me this treasure ?" taking her small, soft hand in his.

She replied by a look of beaming confidence, and by placing the other hand in his, saying frankly, "And *this too*, Sir, *if you wish* !"

"And this too," he replied joyfully, catching her beautiful form in his strong arms and pressing a lover-like kiss upon her brow.

"Fie ! fie !" said she, playfully, "I'll tell my mother, Sir."

"Come, then, come right now, and I'll go and confess to her."

He led her to her mother, and they knelt before her for her blessing. One pale, thin hand on each dear head, she invoked God's blessing upon them and their love, praying that they might always love *Him* best, and serve Him faithfully. She pleaded that the bridal might take place as early as possible, and Dr. Carleton seconded her petition—thus urged, Emma assented.

The bridal took place one sweet April morn; there was no pomp or parade. Emma was clad in simple white muslin, and yet had never looked half so lovely. Only a few friends were present. They both felt that it was too holy a rite to be witnessed by stranger eyes.

This was the second bridal !

Mrs. Prescott lingered but a short time longer, and then died a most triumphant death, charging her dear children to meet her in glory. Emma felt her beloved mother's loss keenly, but was comforted in the love of her husband. They remained in the country superintending the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of their devoted slaves. In the cares and pleasures of domestic life, they found far more peace than often falls to the lot of mortality.

Emma rejoiced to hear that her old friend Helen had married happily, though was surprised to hear that such a gay mad-cap had chosen a minister—but it was characteristic for her to do what no one expected.

CHAPTER XV.

" Tempting gold above,
In this our age, more marriages completes
Than virtue, merit, or the force of love !"

" Oh ! horror ! horror ! after this alliance,
Let tigers match with hinds, and wolves with sheep."

" This is the fruit of craft ;
Like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft,
And finds it in his forehead !"

We have almost lost sight of Inez—we will retrace our steps and inquire what has become of her. When we parted from her last she was rejoicing in the success of her plans of revenge—as time fled, she still retained her wondrous beauty and powers of fascination unimpaired. But, fearing that she might now be denominated "*passe*," she determined to yield to Victor's frequent solicitations, and fix a day for their marriage, which was accordingly done. She plunged heart and soul into the preparations, intending that it should be the most splendid bridal ever known in the annals of New Orleans. Upholsterers were sent for, and the whole mansion refitted in the most gorgeous style, giving orders that *no* expense should be spared. She was so little accustomed to consult her father as to her expenditures, that she did not dream of so doing now. Had she been less completely absorbed in *self*, she might have observed the great change that had come over her father of late. He became more and more feeble—his once erect form was bowed—his face bore evidence of keenest anxiety and nervous apprehensions. For some time past, he had felt assured that there was something wrong in his business—that there was some traitor in the camp—but he endeavored in vain to detect the leak in the sinking ship. He felt that he was walking on quicksands which might at any moment engulf him and his beloved child. Warily he watched, and to his horror, upon opening a letter to his partner, Mr. Erskine, and which he supposed to be in regard to the business of the firm, he discovered that, so far from being the man of honor that he had believed him to be, he was utterly unprincipled. This letter proved that he had spent all of his own fortune, and had embezzled the capital of the firm until they were just on the eve of ruin. He was perfectly stunned, and sat like one bewildered for some time, trying to collect his thoughts. Mr. Erskine had left on the plea of business, for Havana. Mr. Prescott now saw that his was utterly false, and that he had only fled to avoid the consequences of his baseness. What could he do ? He thought only of his child, for *himself* he cared not; but, oh, to leave his darling, his idol, *penniless* when she had been reared in such luxury, for he felt that his time on earth was now nearly over.

"Ah !" said he, "if she could only have married before this occurred ! Perhaps I can induce her to marry now, before it can be discovered—thus she will escape—de L'Orme is said to be wealthy !" Then a burning flush suffused his cheek when he remembered that he was planning to deceive his child's husband, but he was willing to do anything to save her from this blow. He determined to hasten the marriage at all hazards. Inez was surprised at her father's eagerness, and once told him, just to annoy him, that she had almost concluded to [illegible] father became perfectly livid with fear, and exclaimed, fiercely:

"Child, are you *mad* ? You *dare* not—you *shall* not !"

"Why, father, *dare not, shall not*, are new words for you to address to your *child* !"

The poor old man became softened in a moment, and said: "Pity me, my daughter, and excuse my anxiety to see you provided for, but this weak, tottering frame, and trembling arm, are no longer fit protection for you. I would see you happily married before I sink to my last sleep !"

Inez had never heard him speak thus before, but not knowing how much he *meant*, exclaimed, rather pettishly:

"O, you look very well, father; you must not yield to these vagaries. I'm sure it is all *imagination*."

The old man sighed heavily, as he murmured, "Imagination ! Would to God it were !"

Willing to gratify her father, and having all things ready, she consented to have the marriage over at once; so, sending for Victor, she told him of her father's wish, and that she would agree to marry him the following night. Of course he expressed the most rapturous delight.

"Deuced lucky," he ejaculated, after leaving her, "for I've been dodging these accursed *duns* until I am positively sick of it. It is really vulgar to be compelled to exhaust one's ingenuity in evading these confounded bores. Then my losses at play have been cursedly heavy of late—everything has gone wrong however, old *Press'* money will set it all straight—so begone, dull care !"

The bridal night arrived—elegant equipages without number rolled up to Mr. Prescott's princely mansion, which actually blazed with light. All of the wit and beauty of the *elite* of the Crescent City were assembled in those regal halls, awaiting the *entree* of the peerlessly beautiful bride. Inez emerged from her room perfectly *resplendent* ! Her dress was of fabulous magnificence, and her whole appearance such as to dazzle the eyes of every beholder. She had never appeared half so beautiful in her life. She gathered up her flowing veil and train, and throwing them gracefully over one arm, prepared to descend to the ante-chamber, where the attendants were in waiting. As she was about to descend the first flight of stairs, she heard a deep groan, and turning, caught sight of the anguished features of Paul Moreton ! He had stationed himself so as to be almost concealed by the splendid flowers which lined the broad marble stairway, in order to obtain a last view of his idol, before she was lost to him forever.

"Paul, what do you there ?" she asked.

"Oh ! Inez, give me *one* kind word," (for of late she had been cold to him,) "just *one* kind farewell—but I am dying for you—I cannot stay to see you become the bride of another—I shall never cross your path again—but I *must* take *one* last fond look, which will burn your angelic image into my soul forever !"

Even Inez's worldly heart was touched by the heart-broken tones of the unhappy youth.

"God bless you, Paul, you will soon forget me—I am not worthy of such adoration."

She held out her hand to him, he seized it and covered it with kisses; she then calmly withdrew it, and swept on down stairs. He sank hopelessly on a step and buried his face in his hands.

Just as she reached the lower step, a messenger handed her a note; supposing it to be an apology for non-appearance from some absentee, she waived it aside, but when the messenger told her who sent it, she turned pale and hurriedly broke the seal, and glanced over the contents. What a change came over her !

" She stood a moment as a Pythoness
Stands upon her tripod, agonized and full
Of inspiration gathered from distress,
When all the heart-strings, like wild horses, pull
The heart asunder !"

'Twas *fearful*, but in a moment 'twas all past. With a proud and haughty air, she asked the servant for her father.

"He is in his study, Ma'am," said the man.

"Very well," she replied, "say to the attendants that I will join them, together with my father and the groom, in a few moments."

Crushing the note into her bosom, with a glare of intense hate and mortified pride in her eye, she instantly turned and retraced her steps to the place where she had left Paul. There he sat, his head still bowed in his hands. Before he was aware of it, she stood beside him, her hand on his head.

"Paul ! Paul !" she murmured in that wondrously sweet voice, "the bride is ready, and awaits the groom. Will you come, Paul ?"

He thought it was a beautiful, mocking dream; but looking up, cried:

"Oh ! Inez, how *can* you mock me so cruelly ? Go, go and be happy; but I *cannot* witness it !" And he relapsed into his former position.

"But, Paul," she continued in those velvet tones, "won't *you* be the *groom* ? I wait for *you*, Paul ! Come, rise up—be a man, and you shall be my *groom* !"

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, March 11, 1863.

COMMANDER BLAKE.

The name of H. C. Blake, Lieutenant-Commanding the ill-fated steamer Hatteras, sunk by the rebel pirate Alabama, will not quickly be forgotten in the history of the brave naval heroes of his country. His words ought to become, and will become, as memorable as those signalled by Nelson: "England expects every man to do his duty." So let this cry of Blake, when his ship was sinking, "Give it to them, boys; give it to them;" the Stars and the Stripes must never come down," thrown off all impremeditatedly, and which awoke three cheers from the crew in the moment of peril, long wake up an echo in the hearts of all true citizens.

We presume that Lieutenant Blake and all his officers and crew are at the present paroled and not exchanged, but the public will receive great satisfaction in hearing of the rapid promotion of this commander and all the officers of this ill-fated vessel. They did their best, and fought their ship to the last moment, doing all their guns could do, apparently against the Alabama. The enemy at least never had an instant's possession of the vessel, and though this may not have been so important in a case like that, as the Alabama would have been certain to have destroyed her in any case (from not being able to take her into any port), yet it is of the greatest importance that the principle should be kept alive that the surrender of a single vessel, under almost any circumstances, is one of the greatest injuries which can be inflicted upon us in the war.

There are very few circumstances in which a really cool, brave man cannot put most of his men in boats and blow up his vessel by a slow match, even without serious risk to the individual who sets it on fire. When it is considered that every year our vessels become more and more formidable from their iron-plating, their powerful engines, and their rifled guns, the surrender of one such vessel involves the certain loss of far more lives than those of all on board. Such a vessel as the Queen of the West will be almost sure in the hands of the enemy to destroy more of our soldiers and sailors and transports than she could carry.

What is more, the possession of such a vessel to the enemy is a far greater gain to them than the mere loss of it is to us pecuniarily. The rebels are so surrounded that they cannot get ships nor iron, nor guns, nor steam engines, and one such vessel to them is worth more to give vitality to the rebellion than the capture of a dozen such would be of advantage to us in crushing it. We have captured a dozen far more important prizes in themselves considered within a few weeks than this Queen of the West, but yet, the rebels will be more invigorated by that one steamer than our Government has been strengthened in all the captures of a year.

Let our cities and our Government honor brave men. If we compare the conduct of Lieutenant Blake, with that attributed the other day, we hope with some exaggeration, to Captain Brown and his second Lieutenant, of an Ohio regiment, near Romney, the importance of high reward for valor and punishments for cowardice will be at once apparent. It is reported that Captain B., at the head of eighty cavalry, seeing a rebel force of twenty about to make a dash at the train, he was ordered to guard, rode off, as did also the Lieutenant, saying that the attack must be reported at head-quarters! And the eighty men left without officers, laid down their arms, and the train was mostly captured after the firing of only about two muskets. We doubt if such officers should get off so easily as being simply "dishonorably dismissed from the service." And we are sure such commanders as Lieutenant Blake should not lose high reward.

THE SPIRIT IN NEW ORLEANS.

Notwithstanding the outcry against Butler's severity in New Orleans, his rule appears to be the only one which could keep down the rampant spirit of hatred to the Government among the secessionists of that city. New Orleans never was very submissive to law, and, at the breaking out of the rebellion, the disorderly element which had previously ruled it became more defiant and intolerant. Butler's iron-hand kept ruffianism down, and secession slunk into holes and corners to brood over its wrath and meditate revenge it dared not execute. Since Butler's departure, General Banks has been pursuing a milder course, in hopes to conciliate, but the insolent spirit which caused Butler to deal with them so roughly now displays itself again in the inhabitants. Even those who have been participants of the Government bounty and who have been professing fealty are defiant and vindictive. On the occurrence of a recent departure of rebel prisoners, this feeling manifested itself in a gross and impudent form, and it required the interposition of the military to keep the lawless inhabitants from a popular outbreak. Every avenue leading to the levee was lined with secession sympathizers waving handkerchiefs and secession flags in the faces of the prisoners as they marched to the boat which was to receive them. The crowd finally began to abuse the sentinels and pressed against them to crowd them from their posts. The conduct of the mob became so threatening that a regiment of military was sent to clear the levee, which was not done till a battery of artillery made its appearance and got between the sympathizers and the prisoners. A correspondent giving an account of the transaction says:

"The whole thing was intended as a defiance of the authorities. It was a fearful endeavor of the hypocrisy and bitterness of thousands of the people in New Orleans, for I discerned many faces that belonged to persons who have through long months been dependent on the charity of our Government for bread, as well as dependent upon our bayonets for a protection of person they never enjoyed under rebel or any other rule in New Orleans. The effect of all this on the people at large is difficult to judge; it has unquestionably roused feelings that are hard to quell. It has made fearful inroads in the ranks of hundreds who believe in the Union and desire to see it restored; it has discouraged, somewhat, at least, loyal men, for they see no authority here that nips in the bud the sentiments and propensities that encourage the preliminary steps to the threatened shedding of blood that was exhibited on the levee; in short, there is an incompatible feeling, and a nervousness pervading that is painful. Disloyalty evidently exists, and it has found at last an opportunity for an offensive expression. There is it to end? As many as forty secession flags were counted at one time. Some of the women had them pinned on their dresses and bonnets, and some of the prisoners wore small ones, gifts from their ladyloves, as bouquets or breastpins."

If any defence of Butler's treatment of the secessionists of New Orleans was needed, this outbreak of passion and hatred against the Government, under the milde, rule of Banks, would be a sufficient justification of his severity. If such things had been done when the rebels had rule, the leaders of the outrage would have been shot through the head without ceremony.

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.

The Legislature has authorized the use of the dummy engine upon the Frankford end of the Southwark and Frankford Railroad. The citizens of Frankford have been compelled to ride in a horse car to reach this city, consuming probably an hour of their time, when by the use of the little passenger locomotive they can get into the city in twenty minutes. They petitioned the Legislature in favor of using these small and noiseless engines upon the road, and the Legislature, satisfied that the benefit was a public one, have granted the privilege. This is one step in the way of improvement, but there is scarcely a reason in favor of the dummy engines upon the rural portions of railroads which would not apply with even greater force in favor of using the same kind of engines as a substitute for horses upon all our city railroads. Any one who has seen them in operation will admit their greater convenience, safety, certainty and economy. The use of them will give the public good warm cars in winter, heated with pipes running under the seats, which will add greatly to the comfort of the cars, and would make them in fact as pleasant for occupying as a parlor. Those who like comfort in travel should insist upon the cars being heated in winter, and upon the use of the means which enable the railroad companies to do so without any additional trouble or cost.

A USEFUL INSTITUTION.

A committee of the Legislature has reported favorably upon an appropriation of $20,000 for the School of Design for Women, established in this city, on condition that a similar amount be raised by private subscription to endow the school. There is no doubt that the condition will be complied with, and a sum sufficient be raised to put this excellent institution on a permanent footing, and a school of art be established which will open new avenues of employment to females, now restricted to a very narrow range. Such a school as this is not only needed for the development of taste as an auxiliary to our manufacturing industry, but it is an absolute necessity for the thousands of females whom the war has thrown upon their own resources for a livelihood, their male protectors having fallen in the service of their country. With the necessary taste and skill in designing, these persons can always find sufficient lucrative employment, and be maintaining themselves respectably while contributing by their knowledge to enhance the value of every manufactured article, by imparting to it superior elegance of design and tasteful decoration. In England, these schools of design are a part of national instruction, and are under the control of the Government, so much value does that Government attach to such education as an enlargement of national wealth. In France, great attention is bestowed upon them, and it is only through the superior taste in design that the French have been enabled to excel the British in so many articles of manufacture which enter into the daily use of the people. In New York a school of design has been established, through the beneficence of wealthy citizens, and it is doing much good in that city. In Philadelphia, the school of design has been established through the same influences. Its utility and its necessity in aid of branches of industry in which artistic taste predominates are so apparent, that a permanent establishment of the school is now demanded for the manufacturing interests of the State. The aid extended by the Legislature will be sufficient to permanently endow it, and henceforth females may receive education in useful branches of art, for which their taste and fancy peculiarly fit them.

REPETITION OF VACCINATION.

The large number of cases in which persons who have once been vaccinated, and yet have since taken the small-pox, and that even fatally, within the last year or two, has attracted increased attention to this very important subject. There are, no doubt, and always have been, some few persons so constitutionally disposed to this complaint that no vaccination or number of attacks of it seems to render them safe from its recurrence. We heard of a gentleman the other day who, vaccinated in youth, has had the small-pox three times, and with equal violence on each occasion. There is, however, no doubt that vaccination may be perfect, and a perfect safeguard to an individual for a number of years, and at the end of that time it may and will wear out, so as no longer to protect the system. This has long been known, and the habit of repeating vaccination every ten or fifteen years has been long resorted to by many physicians where their patients were much exposed.

But the most important fact brought to light within the last few years is that the presence of an atmosphere impregnated with the small-pox influence will, as it were, neutralize the protection usually afforded by vaccination. It will, for instance, produce such a change in the system of those exposed to it, that vaccination, on being repeated, will take, fully and thoroughly again where a few months or weeks before (or, probably, afterwards,) it would have made no impression on the system. The presence of the disease in the atmosphere seems to destroy or suspend the protecting power of the great antidote. In many of the towns in the interior of this State, whole families have been vaccinated over again, and in *nearly every member* it took. In one case, a child seven years old, vaccinated in two places for the second time, where the first was known to have taken thoroughly in infancy, had afterwards *two* of the most perfectly formed scabs ever seen. In six members of that family the vaccine matter took, and only did not take again in the two youngest, one of five years old and the other three. It is the remark of the oldest physicians that the proportion of cases where it now takes a second time is greater than they ever before knew. This is a sign that it ought to be repeated in every family, and especially through the entire army and navy. Every brigade surgeon and Medical Inspector, who has not already done so, ought to be at once compelled to attend to this matter.

There seems to be an opinion in some quarters either that vaccination is becoming less powerful in its effects on the human system for protection, or else that the small-pox is becoming more powerful and aggressive in its ravages and attacks upon the human system.

This last view may possibly have some truth in it just now. Certain it is that, in spite of all the science of the French, their army is being daily decimated and destroyed by it at a fearful rate. It is a disease that follows armies much exposed in large masses to dirt, neglect, and the presence of decaying bodies, apparently. That it may and will spread without these conditions is unquestionable, but that it originates spontaneously with them is almost beyond doubt. In the Southern army it showed itself not long after the battle of Bull Run, and in our army at a later period. In the French army in Mexico it is raging now. With us, the facilities for travel, and especially our crowded cars, have so diffused its influence, that, but for vaccination, the whole nation would be scourged and decimated with the pestilence. As it is, by repeating vaccination, it may and often does come into a family, and but a single member take it, though carefully nursed and tended through the whole.

The point, however, to which it is important that public attention should be just now directed is that vaccination should be repeated in families far more carefully and frequently than has thus far been considered necessary, and that it will often take now where it would not a few weeks ago.

THE WAR MISREPRESENTED.

Some of the London journals appear to be getting very tired of the war in the United States, and those who have been predicting a speedy separation and trying to obtain speedier recognition of the rebel government, are thoroughly disgusted with the obstinacy of the loyal States in persisting in a war which, according to their predictions, ought to have exhausted them long ago. The London Post, the ministerial organ, keeps up a hopeful spirit that the rebels will be finally victorious; but judging from the manner in which it interprets recent events, its hopes are but little better based than its predictions, and are likely to be as sorely disappointed. According to the Post the loyal States have made no progress in the war, "on all that line of coast which extends from the Chesapeake to the mouth of the Mississippi, the North has failed to effect a permanent lodgment, if we except the extreme point of the Peninsula of Yorktown. One city of importance, however, has fallen into their hands—New Orleans, and the country adjacent to the mouth of the Mississippi acknowledges their prowess." It also says "The Federals are divided and dispirited, ashamed to confess themselves foiled, yet anxious for a decent pretext for withdrawing from an undertaking they feel to be hopeless. According to the latest accounts that grand army on which their hopes principally were based is so demoralized that two-thirds of them have doggedly refused to follow their generals." Our navy is of no use "except for blockading purposes," and two rebel steamers have damaged and destroyed the commerce of the North without any hindrance from our fleets.

The British public, looking for the facts of the war, would scarcely suppose from this representation of them, that the rebels are nearly entirely surrounded by our armies and our navy, that nearly the entire coast is in possession or under the surveillance of our fleets. That not only is New Orleans and the mouth of the Mississippi in actual permanent possession of our troops, but that a permanent lodgment has been made for more than a year at Port Royal, at the mouth of the Savannah River, at Newbern, and nearly along the entire coast of North Carolina; at Norfolk Va., which is not the "extreme point of the Peninsula of Yorktown," at Suffolk, which is some considerable distance inland from Norfolk, that Florida is virtually detached from the Confederacy," and that our fleets of gunboats are now before Vicksburg and Port Hudson, the only two obstacles which remain to impede the free navigation of the Mississippi from its source to its outlet into the Gulf.

But not only have many permanent lodgments been made along the line of coast which extends from the Chesapeake to the mouth of the Mississippi," but our armies have also effected permanent lodgment in Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee and Louisiana, and so firmly that all the rebel force is unable to eject them. Instead of being demoralized these armies are now actively engaged in vigorous preparations for renewed attacks upon all the remaining strongholds of the rebels, and with a fair prospect of success. It is true that rebel privateers still harass our commerce; but this, instead of being our disgrace, is the shame of British merchants and of the British Government, which allows its professed neutrality to be so scandalously abused to the injury of a friendly Power. If British ports did not give protection and safety to these rebel privateers, and British merchants did not fit out fleets of vessels to aid the rebel cause, our Government would soon clear the ocean of privateers, and the war would soon be brought to a close by lack of means on the part of the rebels to continue it. But with all these obstacles to contend with, the efforts of our Government against rebellion have been signally progressive, and the people are just waking up to the idea that if all the resources of the country are necessary to overcome the rebel attempt to break down free government, the people are willing to make the sacrifice, so that they shall afterwards live in security under institutions permanently and popularly free.

A FAIR OFFER.—Mr. E. A. Stevens, in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, offers to complete the Stevens Battery within nine months, *at his own cost*, and agrees to make her proof against any ordnance in the world, faster and more manageable than any war vessel, and equal to any in weight of broadside—to do this at his own risk and cost, provided the Government will then agree to take her at a smaller price than they are now paying for less formidable vessels. Not a cent is to be paid or risked until these conditions are actually fulfilled. As the whole subject of ironclad batteries is an experiment as yet, we see no reason why the Government should not allow Mr. Stevens to continue his on terms which cannot but prove advantageous to the Government, whether the expsriment is successful or not.

☞ Two Pennsylvania soldiers, named Wm. Donordy and Chas. Clark, belonging to Battery H, First Pennsylvania Artillery, were executed at Yorktown, on Monday, March 2d, by Capt. J. B. Raulston, Provost Marshal. The prisoners were aged respectively 19 and twenty-two years. Their crime consisted of murdering an old man, named Hezekiah Stokes, on the 5th day of September, 1862. A general court, martial adjudged them guilty, the President of the United States approved the sentence, and Major General Keyes fixed the day for their execution.

CONGRESSIONAL.

U. S. SENATE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Tuesday*, after some discussion on correction of the journal, and points of order, the bill modifying the existing laws for the collection of duties on imports was passed. The bill to build a telegraph cable from Fortress Monroe to Galveston, was tabled. Mr. Sumner's resolution on mediation and intervention were passed—year 31, nays 5. A number of unimportant bills were passed. The bill for the admission of Nevada as a State was passed.

On *Wednesday*, at noon, the thirty-seventh Congress adjourned *sine die*. Several subjects were acted upon, and the proceedings were very interesting. Nearly all the important measures for the support of the Government which were brought before Congress passed both houses. None of the bills designed to assist the States in effecting the emancipation of slaves were successful, in passing. The bills to admit the Territories of Nebraska, Nevada and Colorado as States failed to get through both Houses for want of time. Soon after the adjournment of the, two houses of Congress, the Senate met in extraordinary session, in accordance with the President's call; but, beyond the election of Senator Foot, of Vermont, as presiding officer *pro tem*, and the administration of the oath of office to new members, little business was transacted.

On *Friday*, the Standing Committees were announced by the President *pro tempore*, Mr. Foot. A resolution was introduced for the printing of ten thousand copies of the mechanical part of the Patent Office Report and four thousand copies of the acts and joint resolutions of the late session of Congress. The proposed additional rule of the Senate was called up. It requires that the oath of loyalty passed by Congress in July last shall be subscribed to by members of the Senate and House of Representatives. A long debate took place on the proposition to enforce the rule; but, without doing so, the Senate went into executive session. During the day several messages were received from the President. On the conclusion of the executive session, discussion was resumed on the proposal to administer to the new Senators the "loyal oath," after which Mr. Foot took the oath, and all the new Senators present followed his example. Without transacting any other business, the Senate adjourned.

COMMITTEES OF THE SENATE.

The following are the Committees of the Senate announced on Friday:

Foreign Relations—Messrs. Sumner (Chairman), Foster, Doolittle, Johnson, Bhyard, Davis and Harris.

Finance—Messrs. Fessenden (Chairman), Collamer, Sherman, Howe, Cowan, McDougall and Hicks.

Commerce—Messrs. Chandler (Chairman), Morrill, Wilson of Mass., Ten Eyck, Saulsbury, Trumbull and Morgan.

Military Affairs and the Militia—Messrs. Wilson of Mass. (Chairman), Morgan, Lane of Indiana, Sprague, Howard, Bowden and Meredith.

Naval Affairs—Messrs. Hale (Chairman), Grimes, Sherman, Johnson, McDougall, Ramsey and Sprague.

Judiciary—Messrs. Trumbull (Chairman), Foster, Ten Eyck, Harris, Howard, Raymond and Powell.

Post Offices and Post Roads—Messrs. Collamar (Chairman), Dixon, Trumbull, Johnson, Ramsey, Bowden and Buckalew.

Public Lands—Messrs. Harlan (Chairman), Clark, Pomeroy, Carlile, Harding, Ramsay, Hendrick.

Private Land Claims—Messrs. Harris (Chairman), Sumner, Morrill, Howard and Raymond.

Indian Affairs—Messrs. Doolittle (Chairman), Wilkinson, Lane of Kansas, Harlan, Nesmith, Davis and Wilson of Missouri.

Pensions—Messrs. Foster (Chairman), Lane of Indiana, Howe, Pomeroy, Saulsbury, Buckalew and Bowden.

Revolutionary Claims—Messrs. Wilkinson (Chairman), Chandler, Lane of Kansas, Nesmith and Ten Eyck.

Claims—Messrs. Clark, (Chairman), Horne, Pomeroy, Anthony, Hicks, Harding, Hendricks.

District of Columbia—Messrs. Grimes, (Chairman), Dixon, Morrill, Slade, Anthony, Richardson, and Wright.

Patents and Patent Office—Messrs. Cowan, (Chairman), Sumner, Harris, Saulsbury, Carlisle.

Public Buildings and Grounds—Messrs. Foot, (Chairman), Anthony, Chandler, Saulsbury, and Wilson of Missouri.

Territories—Messrs. Wade, (Chairman), Wilkinson, Hale, Lane of Kansas, Carlisle, Wilson of Missouri, and Richardson.

To Audit and Control the Contingent Expenses of the Senate—Messrs. Dixon, (Chairman), Clark, and Harding.

Engrossed Bills—Messrs. Lane of Indiana, (Chairman), Sumner, and Harding.

A Committee of Agriculture was added, consisting of Messrs Sherman, (Chairman), Harlan, Morrill, Lane of Kansas, Powell.

Joint Standing Committees on Printing, on the part of the Senate—Messrs. Anthony, (Chairman), Harlan, Powell.

Enrolled Bills, on the part of the Senate—Messrs. Howe, (Chairman), Cowan, and Saulsbury.

The Library, on the part of the Senate—Messrs. Collamer (Chairman) and Fessenden.

On *Saturday*, Mr. Doolittle took the oath of loyalty prescribed by the act of July, 1862, as other newly elected Senators did on the previous day. The resolution to print ten thousand copies of the mechanical part of the Patent Office Report and four thousand copies of the acts and joint resolutions of the late session was adopted. The Senate then went into executive session on the President's nominations, and, on the opening of the doors, adjourned.

HOUSE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Tuesday*, the Senate's amendments to the Internal Revenue bill were taken up. Some were adopted, others were non-concurred in, and a committee of conference was appointed. The miscellaneous appropriation bill was taken up. An amendment to pay for the raising, equipping, &c., of the militia of the border States called to repel rebel raids, was adopted. An amendment to appropriate two hundred thousand dollars for a navy-yard at League Island was declared out of order. The bill to reorganize the Courts of the District of Columbia was passed. The Committee on Elections reported adversely on the claims of Mr. Grafton, claiming a seat from Virginia, and that of Mr. A. Hawkins from Tennessee. The report was adopted. Five thousand copies of Gen. Pope's report of his campaign in Virginia were ordered to be printed. The Committee on the Judiciary made a report affirming the power of the Postmaster General to exclude certain newspapers from the mails. The bill for a government for the Territory of Montana was passed, but the name was changed to Idaho. Fifteen thousand copies of the Internal Revenue bill and thirty thousand copies of the Conscription bill were ordered to be printed. Resolutions of thanks to Speaker Grow were passed.

The Speaker, amid the utmost quiet and marked respectful attention, spoke as follows:

Before performing the duty enjoined by the constitution, permit me to tender my grateful acknowledgments for the uniform kindness and co-operation received at your hands. In discharging the duties to which you assigned me, if aught has occurred in word or deed to wound the feelings of any, attribute it to errors of the head rather than intentions of the heart, and let it be forgotten in the assurance that I shall recall our past intercourse only with pride and pleasure. We met as Legislators of the Republic on the threshold of its most important era. Its sunshine of almost half a century was for the first time darkened with clouds. Grim visaged war stalked through the land, which it has since drenched in blood. While grappling in a death struggle with this Hydra-headed monster of civil discord, you have, by your labors, contributed not a little to the advancement of the industrial interests, a due promotion of the greatness and glory of the country. Few Congresses, if any, will hold a prouder position in its future. Though we separate with deep gloom hanging over the horizon, behind the clouds is the sun still shining. It seems to be a part of the plans of Divine Providence that every marked advance in civilization must begin amid the carnage of the battle-field. Over the Marathons and through the Thermopylæ of the world's history, liberty has carved out her victories, and the race has marched on to higher and nobler destinies. As the lightnings of heaven send and destroy only to purify and re-invigorate, so freedom's cannon furrows the fields of decaying empires, and seeds them anew with summer fruits. Before the Congress vigorous race to guard the hopes and cherish the rights of mankind. The boom of cannon on the plains of Lexington echoed the sentiment, and hope an obscure Militia colonel from the shades of Monticello to the highest pinnacle of earthly glory to stand forever on that proud pedestal, peerless among men; while Kosciusko, Pulaski, Franklin, Hancock, Lafayette, the rest being chiefly transports. There are now thirty thousand men collected there, and more expected.

IMPORTANT FROM HOOKER'S ARMY.

EXPEDITION OF COL. PHELPS TO NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, VIRGINIA—CAPTURES OF REBEL PRISONERS, MAILS, HORSES, CATTLE AND CORN.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, March 7, 1863.

The expedition under Col. Phelps, to Northumberland County, Va., returned this afternoon, after an eminently successful trip.

The force left Belle Plain last Tuesday, in steamers, and was composed of picked men from the Fourteenth New York State militia, Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth and Thirtieth New York Volunteers, and Captain Virgen's company of the First Maine Cavalry.

Owing to the ignorance of the pilot concerning the channel, and the high wind, the landing at the head of Coan river was not effected until Wednesday noon, when the whole command debarked, and Col. Phelps, with his staff, at the head of the cavalry, dashed on into Heathsville, the county seat of Northumberland, capturing a rebel soldier and taking the entire town by surprise. The Post-office was searched, but nothing was found save a few letters and papers and old letters, the office not having been reopened since the raid of Col. Fairchild, several weeks since. The jail was next examined but the cells were empty.

At night the command bivouacked a few miles outside the place, and next day foraging parties were sent out in various directions, and the cavalry despatched on a scouting expedition into Lancaster county. The foraging parties seized one thousand bushels of corn, fifty horses and mules, a large number of fine beef cattle and quite an amount of medical stores. Two post-offices and several stores were visited, and two important mails captured.

The cavalry also seized a large number of horses and mules, and are now on their way overland to Fredericksburg. Among the prisoners taken was Colonel Claybrook, of the rebel army. He was in command at Belle Plain and Aquia creek last summer, during the occupation of those places by the enemy, and burned a number of barges loaded with hay, &c., that had been blown ashore in the gale at the time of General Burnside's last movement. He has also been very active in enforcing the conscription and the arrest of Union people, and his capture has occasioned not a little secret rejoicings on the part of his neighbors. His family were exceedingly violent when our troops visited his house, one of them drawing a revolver upon the officers.

A smuggler, who had shipped across the Potomac over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of contraband goods, was also captured, together with two influential citizens engaged in the same traffic, and who have oppressed loyal citizens. Two Clerks in the rebel Departments, at Richmond, were overhauled on their way to Maryland, and a large and important mail found in their possession. Among the letters were recommendations to citizens of Baltimore, and official correspondence to parties in London, addressed to the care of Baring Brothers.

The country is quite barren, and by the visits of both armies has been stripped of nearly everything. The inhabitants are destitute, and great suffering prevails. The roads are dry and dusty, like summer, and the few farmers remaining are busily engaged in plowing and preparing for the spring crop. No rebel troops are upon the neck save a few cavalry, engaged in enforcing the conscription and escorting contraband goods across from the Potomac.

Several depots for smugglers are established along the Potomac; but lack of rations and proper transportation prevented Colonel Phelps from visiting them.

Very little Union sentiment was found, though a few welcomed us heartily, and offered their services as pilots, and conducted the expedition faithfully through the tortuous channel of Coan river. A few contrabands came off; but, owing to the small size of the steamers, the horses, mules and corn could only be removed, and the beef cattle were left at the landing.

Upon the return of the expedition the high wind compelled the heavily loaded steamers to lie at anchor yesterday in St. Marysburg, on the Maryland shore. While there, small boats were sent on shore for water, and a number of contrabands came off to the steamers; but Colonel Phelps sent them back, having no right to harbor slaves from a loyal State. Before their return, however, their owner made a complaint to one of our gunboats lying above, and as the expedition came up an officer was sent on board, with instructions to detain the commander and take the commanding officers into custody. A satisfactory explanation was given, and the party was at length allowed to proceed.

THE NASHVILLE DESTROYED.

HOW SHE CAME TO BE ATTACKED—AN INCENDIARY SHELL SETS HER ON FIRE AND COMPLETELY DESTROYS HER.

[From the Richmond Examiner, March 2.]

The following despatch has been received:—

SAVANNAH, Feb. 28.—The steamer Nashville in coming up the Ogeechee river last night grounded on the sand bar before Fort McAllister and was discovered by the Yankee fleet. A furious iron-clad opened fire across the marsh at the Nashville at thirty minutes past seven o'clock, and continued it until ten o'clock, when an incendiary shell struck the Nashville and set her on fire, and she is now a total wreck.

The fort fired upon the iron-clad and hit her twice. The other gunboats of the fleet fired at the fort, but did no damage.

SKETCH OF THE NASHVILLE.

The Nashville is one of the historic vessels of the rebellion. It was one of the first seized by the rebels in Charleston in 1861, and was sent to sea under the rebel flag. She has on more than one occasion since given our blockading fleet a great deal of trouble. It will be remembered that she run the blockade of Beaufort, North Carolina, for last year, and after being in the harbor for some time, and supposed to be secure, eluded what was deemed to be a strict watch and again escaped to sea. She has several times run between Bermuda and Charleston with a contraband cargo; but the last time she intended one of the Southern ports she was so completely hemmed in that she could not escape. It was reported last October that she was fitting out with heavy armament for the purpose of joining the privateer vessels now engaged in the rebel cause and committing their ravages upon the open seas. To prevent this, a close watch has been kept on her movements by Admiral Dupont's squadron, which vigilance has been finally rewarded by her complete destruction.

The Nashville was a side-wheel steamer of eighteen hundred tons burthen, and was built at New York in the year 1854. She belonged to Messrs. Spofford, Tileston & Company's Charleston line, and was one of the fastest ships running from New York. The usual passage to Charleston is two and a half days, but the Nashville usually ran down in fifty-five hours, and has made the trip in forty-six and a half hours. She made her last trip from New York to Charleston just before the bombardment of Sumter. Her captain at that time (Murray) was a South Carolina man, and sailed from New York with orders not to go into Charleston if there was any danger. He arrived off the bar April 12, while the bombardment was in progress, and lay off and on until the capitulation of Sumter, when the ship ran in, and was at once seized by the rebel authorities at Charleston. It will be remembered that they had just before seized and released the Marion, of the same line. After her seizure, the Nashville lay for some time idle at the dock in Charleston until she escaped to sea. She was then in the very best order, as her owners had but a short time before laid out $50,000 in repairing the ship. Her former purser came from Charleston shortly after her capture, and reported that the vessel was well taken care of and was covered with tarpaulins to keep her from the sun. She was considered so good a sea-going vessel that the Collins Company twice chartered her to put her on in place of one of their Liverpool ships, and she made the trip across each time inside of twelve days.

THE INDIANOLA BLOWN UP.

HER GUNS RETAKEN BY THE U. S. TROOPS—FLIGHT OF THE QUEEN OF THE WEST—PART OF THE REBEL CREW LEFT BEHIND—CONTRADICTORY REPORTS—ATTACK ON PORT HUDSON EXPECTED—REBEL ACCOUNT OF VAN DORN'S VICTORY IN TENNESSEE.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 8.—[By telegraph.]—The Richmond despatch of the 6th inst., says that the Indianola, recently captured from the Yankees, was blown up last Tuesday night by the rebels, and that her guns fell into the hands of the Unionists. The Queen of the West left in such a hurry that part of her crew were abandoned on shore.

A later despatch says that the Indianola was not destroyed, and that they (the U. S. forces) are raising her.

The U. S. gunboats are making great havoc on Lake Providence.

THE WAR IN TENVESSEE—VAN DORN CAPTURES 2,200 UNION TROOPS.

The Union troops attacked Van Dorn on the 1st of March, at Thompson's, near Franklin. He drove them back and captured 2,200 officers and men. The rebel loss is not yet reported.

EXPECTED ATTACK ON PORT HUDSON.

An attack is daily expected on Port Hudson by General Banks' force.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE REBEL CONGRESS.

In the rebel Senate, on the 3d instant, a resolution was adopted to inquire into the expediency of repealing the resolutions declaring that a neutral flag covers the enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband goods.

In the House, a resolution was adopted to suspend all business until the currency and tax bill are acted upon.

A bill has been introduced in the rebel Senate to place all the telegraph lines under the control of the Postmaster General.

THE PETERSBURG, VA., MARKETS.

A Fredericksburg correspondent gives the following prices as current there, and states that the troops are on half rations. Coffee $8 per lb.; sugar, $1 50; candles, $1 50; beef, $75 per bbl.; peas, $17 per bushel; butter, $3 per pound.

[The natural supposition arising from these rebel despatches about the Indianola is that the crew of the Queen of the West were engaged in removing the guns from the wreck of the Indianola when they were surprised by the appearance of Com. Porter's gunboats, and is apparently a confirmation of the report published on Saturday, that the fleet, or a portion, had passed the batteries at Vicksburg.—*Reporter.*]

FROM MEMPHIS.

THE CAPTURE OF THE INDIANOLA—SICKNESS IN THE ARMY.

MEMPHIS, March 3, via CAIRO, March 5.—The ram Indianola was captured under circumstances which lead to the belief that she was unnecessarily surrendered.

On last Friday, the Indianola and Queen of the West were discovered under our guns at Farrenton. Both were in condition for effective service.

The sickness in the army is increasing.

The canal between the Mississippi and Lake Providence has been finished, but the water had not yet been let in.

Rebel Accounts from Charleston.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE UNION VESSELS AT PORT ROYAL.

CHARLESTON, Feb. 26.—The latest advices from Port Royal state that the Yankee fleet now there numbers one hundred and twenty-three vessels, including three frigates and twenty gunboats, the rest being chiefly transports. There are now thirty thousand men collected there, and more expected.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, March 6.—There was fighting all day yesterday between Van Dorn's rebel command and three Union regiments of infantry, about 600 cavalry, and one battery, at Springville, about thirteen miles south of Franklin. Col. Coburn's three regiments of infantry were cut to pieces, or captured by the rebel force. They fought desperately, but their ammunition became exhausted, and being overpowered by superior numbers, were either killed or captured. The cavalry and artillery got off safely. No reinforcements from Gen. Hurlbut's command at Franklin reached the scene of action. Seven regiments of infantry are at that place.

Van Dorn is reported to have 18,000 men in his command.

NASHVILLE, March 6.—The following additional details have been received of the fight near Franklin yesterday. Five regiments of infantry, one battery, the 18th Ohio, with the 7th Pennsylvania and 2d Michigan Cavalry, all under command of Col. Coburn, of the 33d Indiana, advanced on Spring Hill on the 4th inst. Several spirited skirmishes occurred during the day, our troops camping four miles distant.

On the 5th a movement by the rebels was apparent, causing some disorder at Thompson's Station. The rebels suddenly opened on our men with three batteries, on different points, and at the same time they appeared on each flank in greatly superior numbers. An unequal conflict was maintained with great determination, causing heavy loss on both sides, but finally resulted unfortunately to our troops. The largest part of the 33d Indiana, 18th Michigan, 22d Wisconsin, and the 85th Indiana, with most of their commissioned officers, being captured. Our artillery and cavalry were successfully withdrawn. The 124th Ohio came out, but returned without loss. All is quiet to-day. The rebels have fallen back. Their force was infantry, with heavier artillery than we had.

Gen. Gilbert's non-action and failure to reinforce Colonel Coburn is severely censured by officers and men.

FROM THE SOUTH.

GOLD AT 300 IN RICHMOND—THE ATTACK ON FORT M'ALLISTER.

The latest Richmond papers report the prices of gold and silver as follows:

"There has been an extraordinary advance in the premium on gold since our last report. On Saturday, February 28, it was sold at $2 50 and $2 60, advancing during the day, and yesterday it went up to $3, and was bought until it reached $4, being an advance of 40 per cent. Silver was affected in like manner to-day. The market was more quiet but the advance was fully maintained. Various causes for this sudden advance in specie are assigned, but it is doubtless chiefly owing to the demand from blockade runners, and foreigners leaving the Confederacy. Bank notes have also advanced, the brokers selling at 50 per cent. premium. Sterling exchange is held at $2 60."

A despatch, dated Savannah, on the evening of March 3d, says:

"The enemy attacked Fort McAllister at thirty minutes past eight o'clock this morning. Three iron-clads and two mortar boats moved on the fort. Our eight inch Columbiad has been dismounted; two men slightly wounded. The fort is uninjured, and the garrison is in good spirits."

A despatch dated on the 4th, says:

"The enemy shelled Fort McAllister all last night, till near day.

"This morning a despatch from the fort, dated 9 A. M., says:—The enemy have not renewed the attack this morning. Their vessels are still in the river. The fort is in good condition. The Columbiad is remounted and no further casualties are reported at the fort."

Rebel Account of the Capture of the Indianola.

BALTIMORE, March 6.—The Petersburg (Va.) Express contains the following despatch about the capture of the Indianola:

"VICKSBURG, Feb. 25.—I have the honor to report, after a serious and hot engagement, the capture of the Federal iron-clad steamer Indianola, Lieut.-Comm'g Brown, U. S. Navy, together with all her officers and crew, by the Confederate steamers Queen of the West and Webb, forming an expedition that was sent out by me for that purpose, under Major G. L. Brent. The prize is a good deal damaged.

(Signed) "R. T. TAYLOR,
"Brig.-Gen'l Commanding."

Another despatch says the express from General Pemberton, announcing the capture, says that the Indianola is sunk on the Mississippi side of the river, her upper works appearing out of the water, near Joe Davis' plantation.

Rebel Atrocities in East Tennessee.

CINCINNATI, March 5.—Refugees from East Tennessee relate the most horrible barbarities practiced there on Union men. Two companies of Cherokee Indians are acting as a Provost Guard in Knoxville. They accompany the cavalry expeditions in search of loyalists. The Provost Marshal offers a bounty of five dollars for every Union man they kill.

A short time before the refugees fled, they saw a party of these savages come in with a string of forty-two ears from the bodies of dead Unionists for which they received the promised bounty.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

LETTER FROM HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG, March 9, 1863.

Mr. Penney introduced into the Senate a bill which empowers the Governor to commute to imprisonment in the Penitentiary of the proper district for such period as he shall deem expedient, not exceeding four years, the sentence of any person under sentence of death at the termination of the term of office of any preceding Governor, such term to which the sentence may be commuted to be computed from the time that sentence of death was passed upon such person.

It frequently happens that the Governor upon assuming the duties of office finds a number of persons under sentence of death, in which cases his predecessor failed to fix the day of execution. Such neglect is equivalent to a commutation of sentence, as Governors seldom or never order the execution of persons not convicted during their term of office. But it frequently happens that criminals in the penitentiary are kept in prison under sentence of death for an indefinite term of years, and this bill seems to be intended to limit this term of suspense and to give legal sanction to the commutation of punishment which is now practically exercised.

The canvass for the nomination for Governor on both sides is the general topic of conversation at this focus of political intrigue, and a glance at the field may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Ledger. On the Democratic side, the candidates are Wm. H. Witte, late of Philadelphia, now a resident of Montgomery county, Hiester Clymer, Senator from Berks, John Cessna, Speaker of the House of Representatives, George W. Cass, of Pittsburg, Wm. Hopkins, member of the House from Washington, and George Sanderson, of Lancaster. The most prominent of these candidates are Mr. Witte, Mr. Clymer and Mr. Cessna, and the friends of each are apparently quite conf

THE SNOW STORM.

[FROM THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.]

Last night, when the lights of the village
Twinkled along the hill,
And teams that were late with their grists
Came toiling up from the mill;
Slowly drifting and falling,
Like dust from the miller's fan,
On the fields, and the roads, and the fences,
The winter's storm began.

The boy looked out from the window
Away o'er the dusky plain;
"It snows," he cried to his sister;
"Come, listen against the pane."
Driftier it fell, and whirling
Like foam where the mill wheel goes;
And the boy went off with his sister,
And shouted, "It snows, it snows!"

Out through the half opened doorway
They peered forth into the night;
It dashed its breath into their faces,
And darkened the flickering light;
In the dusk they shouted, "Oh! mother,
The valley is white below,
And the teams that go from the miller's
We can scarcely see for the snow."

Then the voice of the gray-haired grandame
Was heard through the whispering gloom,
While the dancing flame of firelight
Flecked shadows along the room:
"Come hither," she cried, "my darlings,
The fire at the hearth is warm;
Let us think, while the snows are drifting,
Of the shelterless lambs in the storm."

All night on the housetop falling
The snow flakes fluttered down,
And the church bell's voice grew husky
From the weight of his frosty crown;
But when the first gleam of daylight
Through the darkness began to steal,
He shook it down from his forehead,
And shouted a gladsome peal.

But the hosts of the mail-clad storm king
Had triumphed throughout the night,
And the banners and blades of autumn
Were crushed in the bitter fight;
But when the red glory of sunrise
Was unfurled in the east again,
There was smoke on the edge of the hilltop,
And a glimmer of spears on the plain.

And the children, the merry children,
Who saw the lights on the hill,
When teams that were late with their grists
Came toiling up from the mill—
When the winter snows are falling,
And the fire on the hearth is warm,
May they think on the prayer of the grandame,
For the shelterless lambs in the storm.

THE FARMER.

[Writter for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ADVANTAGES OF MICHIGAN FOR SETTLERS.

The first article in the "Farmer" department of the "Newspaper" of the 4th of February, is devoted to setting forth, in rather glowing colors, some of the advantageous characteristics of the State of Michigan, the same being held out as inducements to industrious men to settle there. The heading of this article in the number of February 4th, which is headed simply "Reflections," gives no indication of its nature or purport, but it is devoted, as we have said, to setting forth some of the advantages possessed by the State of Michigan, as inducements to settle there.

To the *object aimed at* in the article under notice, namely, the making known to the public the advantages of the State of Michigan, and the inducements to farmers or others to purchase lands and settle there, to this there can be no reasonable objection, as the public are interested in knowing the capabilities, resources and other characteristics of every portion of our country, and especially those who long to change their abode, and to find some location where they may better their circumstances. Furnishing information in regard to any State or section of country is, therefore, a laudable and useful employment; but the statements made and the portraiture presented must be strictly true, correct, and reliable, and not at all calculated to mislead, else the public, and those looking out for a place wherein to settle, will be injured and deceived instead of being benefitted.

Now it is because the article under notice is open to the objection just alluded to, though only to a small extent perhaps, that we have thought it ought to be modified and corrected in a few particulars: Its statements stretch the exact truth and facts a little too much, and color them rather too highly. That none of the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" may be misled, and so finally disappointed in their expectations, we have thought that truth and justice require that the facts should be represented more as they really are, and that a little of the rose-coloring and varnish should be rubbed off from the too enticing picture which a Michigan farmer has drawn.

First of all, then, some might be misled by the statement that in the Southern part of the State the average price of timber land is about $5 per acre. Now the fact is, that the Southern part of the State is so densely settled, that there is scarcely an acre of land,—probably not a single quarter-section of 40 acres,—which is of any value whatever, that is not already taken up, owned, and consequently out of the market. Rarely, indeed, could any one find any timber or wild land that could be bought at any price whatever, and never enough of it in a body to make a farm of more than 40 acres. Some years ago, we knew of a few cases in which wild lots were for sale, but even then the price was, and given when sold, was usually $15 per acre. Let no reader of this paper, therefore, be deceived by expecting to find wild or timber land for sale in the Southern portion of Michigan, and stu[illegible] less to find any at $5 an acre.

Next, the reader is liable [illegible] to be misled by the statement that improved farms, well fenced, with good farm buildings and thrifty orchards, and within a few hours' drive of the many market towns along the railroads, can be bought at prices varying from $10 to $25 per acre. A man accustomed to think, judge, and examine statements of opinions before he receives or swallows them, would be likely to challenge this statement, and be unable to believe it until he had more proof of its correctness than one single assertion. For such a man would be apt to know that the mere breaking up, clearing off, and fencing of land, cost very near to, and sometimes over, $10 an acre, without any other of the improvements mentioned. He would know, too, that good farm buildings cannot be put up at any less expense than from $1000 to $2000; and that a thrifty orchard, five years old or over, is well worth $100 per acre. He would calculate, then, for himself, somewhat after this fashion. Suppose I should go to Michigan in search of an improved farm, well fenced, and with good buildings, and all else named by a Michigan farmer in the "Dollar Newspaper" of Feb. 4, what might I *reasonably* expect to have to pay for it? I would want a farm of 80 acres at least, and the half of it should be cleared up and fit for cropping, to entitle it to be called an improved farm. Now the clearing up and fencing of 40 acres, if there are divisions into four or five fields, would be worth at least $10 per acre, as all the work necessary could seldom be hired for less. Then a decent house would have cost from $500 to $1500; but say $750, and, the barn and outbuildings at least $250 more. Then three acres of thrifty orchard would be worth at least $250 more. If then the farm in such a locality as Southern Michigan was worth, as it should be, in its wild or unimproved state, $10 per acre, the 80 acres would be worth $800. To this if I add $400 for the clearing off, breaking up and fencing of 40 acres, $1000 for house, barn, and outbuildings, and $250 for orchard, I might expect certainly to have to pay at least $2400 for such a farm, which would be at the rate of $30 per acre. And no good farm is to be had here for any less. Such a man, therefore, and every one, indeed, of ordinary discrimination, would not expect to find improved farms, such as are pictured forth by a Michigan farmer, at any such low prices as he names. But as many do not stop to think and examine what they read, and some of these might make a journey to Michigan, and find themselves disappointed, we have, for the sake of such, written this caution. Then again the crop or average of wheat is much exaggerated, as the average yield of wheat per acre is certainly not quite 15 bushels per acre. But time and space fail, and the other statements are less likely to mislead.

ANOTHER MICHIGAN FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE EDUCATION OF FARMERS' SONS.

I some time since observed a paragraph in an agricultural periodical (the Cultivator), briefly sketching the design and manner of conducting "The New York State Agricultural College," which, if my memory serves me right, was to be located at or near Ovid, in Seneca county, of that State. This enterprise had received the liberal support of the State, and its founders were thus better enabled to carry out their truly praiseworthy design of educating the sons of farmers. The amount of labor to be performed by each student in reducing his theories to practice, with the presence of skillful instructors to guide this labor through an economical, yet highly successful application of them, led me to believe that under the patronage of their State, and with the profit accruing from the farm belonging to the Institution, which under such perfect management would be no very small matter, its trustees would, without doubt, offer the same inducements for public patronage offered by their State Normal School to their Common School teachers. I was, therefore, much surprised to find at the close of the abovementioned paragraph, that the expenses would not be less than $200 per annum. A sum sufficient, with due economy, to defray the yearly expenses at almost any College. Yet this is to be an Agricultural College, designed expressly for the people, the sons of farmers, a class of people by no means rich, nor likely to spend their money very freely for intellectual acquirements.

It is no doubt true that some wealthy farmers may be quite willing to see such an enterprise through, but in the formation of a farm-holding aristocracy, the poorer class of farmers—by far the majority—are not, in my opinion, bettered. And this is the class, of all others, which most need the earnest efforts of the press in behalf of some practical self-paying system of education. The young men of this class are always ready and willing to give manual labor in exchange for any real advantage to themselves. This is their gold, their medium of exchange. And I do not see why the learned friends of agricultural reform cannot devise some system of education in which manual labor can be made a legal tender. Sons of wealth, from choice, choose fields of labor as far removed from the barnyard and cornfield as possible. The bar, the political arena, and the literary world offer far richer fields of a more pleasing nature, where they may delve without soiling their gentlemanly fingers. And even admitting that they have, in some unaccountable way, retained their relish for mixing manures and analyzing soils, instead of acquiring a fondness for political honors or literature, their fathers or guardians would be obliged to furnish them with a well-stocked farm, modern implements and workmen, with a skillful foreman, and a monthly stipend for pocket money or experiments. Moreover, without the all-powerful argument of cheapness, these students would be more likely to be educated elsewhere, where old associations, locality, or the influence of a friend, might draw them.

Many farmers fear the influence of school-life will render their sons good for nothing for work. This appears to be singularly true, in a great measure. Being surrounded by companions whose highest aim is a learned profession, they soon begin to feel this influence; and there being every inducement to yield to it, and none to resist it, they soon fall into the current, and are carried far beyond the vulgar contemplation of a farmer's life, except it be on paper. Thus are our to be educated farmers transferred from our ranks, to the many different employments usually considered more intellectual. Now what will your correspondent "Carl" say to this. That the above statement is true in a great majority of cases, he cannot deny. What argument then can be advanced, in the face of these facts, to persuade a hard-working farmer to thrust his hand so deeply into his pocket, to educate his sons for that which will carry them from the homestead to the city, leaving him in his old age alone by his fireside? Where they can point to him instances without number where learning has taken their sons from the farm to the office, or if still persuaded to adopt book-farming have proven miserable failures, he can point to but so few that they will constitute the exception, not the rule.

The question comes up in three forms. First: how is this education to be obtained at a price within the reach of a majority of farmers? Secondly, how are they to acquire this education without acquiring at the same time a dislike for manual labor? Thirdly, how are they to be persuaded to adopt a calling paying not more than two per cent., when they are fitted to fill lucrative positions in town?

The old farmer's views I admire. If there were to be found a school district containing a majority of such men, we would need to no longer search for a system and a way to facilitate agricultural reform. We should have a practical example wherewith to silence all skeptics. But unhappily such is not the case. We must first educate our sons, who, after they have acquired such an education, will understand its importance, and our common schools will be, as a consequence, elevated to the old farmer's standard. SEQ.

Mercer Co., Feb., 1863.

A COLUMN FROM ALDERMAN MECHI.

In taking up our copy of Alderman Mechi's "How to Farm Profitably," we discover sundry little paragraphs marked for quotation a long time ago, but for which we have never yet found the space. They contain a great deal of truth, if they are written by a city farmer:

The history of prejudice (in agriculture as elsewhere) has always been the same, viz: resistance to innovation and disbelief of progress, but that is no justification of despair; on the contrary, the evidence of all time shows that we must fight manfully against the old enemy, and that we shall overcome him by degrees.

The want of drainage on clays is ruinous.

The quantity of meat made on a farm per acre determines the quantity of grain grown. It has often been remarked that amidst miserable land and wretched farming the laborer's cottage garden is like an oasis: but it receives, independently of deeper cultivation, thirty-two times the farmer's quantity of manure, for he knows that on his eighth of an acre of land he cannot expect a crop unless he keeps a pig to make manure.

There are certain fixed expenses on land, whether we grow a large crop or a poor one; rent, tithes, taxes, manual and horse labor, and seed, become a very heavy percentage of charge on a minimum crop, whilst on a maximum one the expenses are proportionately diminished.

On well laid out land, with few fences, good drainage and good roads, there is actually much less cost of labor than on a poor, undrained farm, with wide and irregular hedges, green lanes and choked up ditches, as most of my work is done by piece I can estimate the difference with accuracy.

Let him who enters on farming make up his mind to great vicissitudes in price, and in some degree in quantity and quality. It is the history of the past, and will be of the future. If the average is renumerative, it is all we can expect.

If you buy five per cent. too dear, and sell five per cent. too cheap, your farming profit is gone. Bear in mind that there are in every market men who are keen and thorough judges of the value of every article. If you are not so, you must find some good judge to act for you, otherwise you will soon fall a victim to superior power.

A farmer once told me he manured his land with [illegible] and explained that it was the plow which furnished his manure. This is literally true, for there is love between the air and the soil, which tends in a fructifying attachment, if you will but expose them to each other's influence.

The advantage of deep cultivation is particularly shown immediately over the drains, where the earth has been deeply disturbed; many people fancy that it is because it drains quicker, but the truth is that the air has more ready access to the soil.

Management is a comprehensive term; it implies the right man in the right place, and the right thing done at the right time. In every undertaking, warlike or peaceful, it is alike essential, but particularly so in agriculture, where the fluctuations in weather render forethought and promptitude an essentiality for profit.

Let agriculture form an honorable portion of our general education—why should it not? Let Tull and Tusser range side by side with Homer and Virgil. Agricultural education and apprenticeships for our young farmers are imperative.

The question of what may be profitably produced from an acre of land is a very important one. Professor Playfair, a first-rate authority, has, I believe, stated that £250 can be and has been produced from one acre of market garden in one year; and we all know full well that in all gardens the produce is abundant compared with field culture. Why it is so needs no reply. "At blithsome morn and dewy eve," the crowds of men, women and children issuing from market gardens are living solutions of the problem, and stand in charming relief to the solitary farm laborer, alone in a twenty-acre field, or scattered here and there over an extensive district, like plums in a school pudding.

Starvation to either man, beast or plants, will reduce them to mere skeletons; abundance of suitable food, with cleanliness and warmth, will make them comparative giants. The concentration of manure and its consequences are plainly exemplified at our flower shows, where enormous masses of flowers and foliage are produced by one solid foot of prepared earth. In a state of nature forty times the quantity of soil would fail to produce similar results. No doubt the frequent application of moisture, when requisite, assists in producing this effect; but a knowledge of this fact should stimulate us to study irrigation, and apply our liquid manure to the roots when the plant is in vigorous growth, instead of wasting it in our horse-ponds. I know and can appreciate practically the effects of such application.

The necessity for diminishing the fixed expense of an increased produce is illustrated by the statement of a first rate north country farmer, who says that if he spends one pound per acre, or six hundred pounds per year, for artificial manures, he makes a profit—if he omits it, he makes a loss. If stock is too dear, or you are short of capital, plow in green and root crops—particularly on heavy land.

I may be asked why I attach so much importance to drainage. Why, you might as well ask me why I attach importance to circulation, vital or monetary. Stagnated water or stagnated air are as ruinous to the plants as they would be to our own vitality. Fix a cork in the drainage hole of your flower-pot and you will soon have a practical illustration of my meaning.

Essential preliminaries to profitable farming: A thorough knowledge of your business, practical and theoretical. Ability to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. To select the most able workmen of industrious and honest habits. To apportion rightly your land and capital. To maintain in economical efficiency the motive power, whether horse or steam. Deep, frequent and clean cultivation. Drainage of land not naturally filtrative. Shelter for stock. Efficient machinery and farm implements. Ample and judicious use of purchased food and manures. Rigidly correct farm accounts, posted daily from the cash book and journal. Estimates of the cost and the return of each crop in detail. Before I hired a farm I would take with me a laborer, and dig a hole in every field, to the depth of two or three feet, that I might know the character of the subsoil, for herein lies the prospect of your sucess or failure. The agricultural pie-crust, or plowed soil, to the depth of five inches, always looks pleasant enough and dark, but inside the pie you will too often find a most miserable contrast, inconceivably at variance with the deceptive surface which has been so long cultivated and grated. There is nothing more instructive than the contents of a five-feet drain cut through a field. Mere contents, when exposed to daylight, appeal forcibly to agricultural commonf sense with reproachful truth. It is in that five feet of subterraneity that you must look for your agricultural profit or loss; and yet I have seen many farms hired without a spadeful of earth being moved or examined; and I have seen many farmers in a brief period leave farms so hired, minus their capital.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

TO DETERMINE

The Amount of Organic Matter in Soil.

Since the proportion of organic matter has something to do with deciding what kind of manure, and how much to apply, it would not fail to be of use to all farmers to know how to test soils in this particular for themselves, as it is attended with little trouble and no expense. Any farmer can test the quality of his land, even though he be not a Solomon! And surely it is well to do so.

Let it be understood in the outset that the quantity of organic matter in different soils varies all the way from less than one per cent. on an old, worn, sandy soil, to more than fifty per cent. on a peaty soil. A soil of not more than one per cent. *may* produce a good crop of oats, if the mineral or inorganic elements are there. On the other hand, a black, peaty soil, with a light dressing of ashes, unslaked lime and tan, may produce the largest crop of potatoes, although it seems to be made up almost wholly of organic matter. In other words, soils with much or with little organic matter may do well for the farmer if he puts on each the most suitable crop, and manures with a sound adjustment to the wants of each. And how is he to know how to do this? *By determining the amount of organic matter in his soil.* Otherwise he cannot manure to advantage. I once knew a farmer to take off 250 bushels to the acre of the very best of potatoes, from a large, newly-drained field of black, peaty soil. He applied ten bushels to the acre of leached ashes, costing not over two dollars in all. A neighbor of his, on precisely such land, lying side by side, with nothing but a fence between, applied ten loads of horse manure to the acre, worth at least five dollars. He then sowed it in oats and grew a tremendous crop of *straw*, too soft and spongy to stand, so that the oats blasted, and the straw fell down and became of little worth, just as he might have known it would, if he had studied the subject either in the light of experience or science.

If the last man had applied ten or twelve bushels of ashes to the acre, there would have been a chance for the straw to have stood erect and to have matured a good crop of oats, for the alkaline properties of the ashes might have dissolved enough of the silicia (sand) in such a soil to have coated the straw and to have given it the requisite stiffness.

But to the question how to decide upon the amount of organic matter in soil. Dry a quantity of the soil you wish to examine, as dry as you can in the sun, then set it into an oven not quite hot enough to bake bread. When quite dry weigh a quantity of it, say 6½ pounds, which makes 100 ounces, a convenient number to calculate from; put this, thus dried and weighed, into a skillet, iron basin, iron pan, or whatever you may have at hand that may be heated without damage. Put it on the fire, heat to redness, and keep it so till it ceases to burn or give off smoke; and, with slight exceptions, hardly worth your attention, what has burned away is *organic* matter, and what remains *inorganic*. By making two or three such trials with the same soil (and any farmer may do so) and averaging the results, you will determine the proportions nearly enough for all practical purposes. If the residue weighs 90 ounces, there is one per cent. of organic matter in that soil; if it weighs 900 ounces, there is ten per cent., and whatever it falls short of 100 ounces (the ounces) is lost by burning, measures that per cent. of organic matter.

It is well enough to notice closely the quality of the residue. Supposing the soil to be a black, swampy loam, from which a large per cent. burns away, you should take a note of the coarseness or fineness of the residue. If very coarse and gritty, you may conclude, without much danger of falling into error, that after a few years' cultivation, the soil will require a good deal of manure to keep it in a productive state. If the residue appears fine and feels greasy, the case will be *vice versa*.

This test will afford a farmer some clue to the question, how much money and labor he can expend in "clearing up" and bringing into cultivation a swamp, with a reasonable expectation of a return for his expenditure. If the residue be fine, as we before said, forming a kind of impalpable paste with water, you have more reason to hope that the soil will long continue to give crops with moderate manuring. If, further, the residue turns to a bright red, or salmon color, you will not err in concluding that the soil is overcharged with sulphate of the protoxide of iron, (copperas,) and that it is sour, and should be limed before proceeding to cultivate it, in order to take out the acidity from it, as the significant and very truthful expression among farmers is: A soil found to contain a very large amount of organic matter, is profitably manured with mineral manures, as lime and ashes; while one having very little organic matter, may better be dressed with bulky manures, as composts, containing a large amount of decaying vegetable matter.

Washington Ind. 1863. FARMER WEST.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PLASTER.

Some quite extensive farmers in this community have serious doubts about the propriety of applying plaster to their clover fields. They acknowledge the beneficial effects of its application on the clover, but say it has a tendency to impoverish the soil by extracting substances which cannot be replaced by the ordinary course of manuring. The proof given is, that the soil, where used years ago, is exhausted, and that it is the effect of the use of plaster. I do not believe the doctrine, and propose briefly to give my reasons, hoping that some of the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper," better informed than myself, will give their opinions. Chemists tell us that plaster or gypsum is composed of lime, sulphuric acid and water, all necessary to the growth of clover. Lime is one of the best fertilizers on soils deficient in that substance, and with the sulphuric acid, produces an immediate effect on the plants to which it is applied. It furnishes them with necessary food, and changes them from a pale and sickly to a dark-green color. So far, then, there is nothing in the nature of plaster which would lead us to expect the result asserted, and I can think of no other way, unless by causing plants to grow more thriftily, and consequently draw a larger quantity of the substance of which they are composed from the soil. That is, they require more material to make a good crop of clover than a poor one. Certainly, then, it is not the plaster but cropping without manuring that exhausts the soil.

OCCASIONAL.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

CORN BEEF.—I notice in the "Newspaper" an inquiry by "Moore" for a receipt to make corn beef. The following is my *modus operandi*: After cutting the beef up in the usual way and cleaning it in weak brine for twenty-four hours, pack it in a clean barrel or cask. Then take rock salt and cold water and make a brine strong enough to bear up an egg; add to this (for every hundred weight of beef) two ounces of saltpetre. After the beef has remained in this brine a week or so it will be sufficiently "corned" for use, and may be taken out as required. Follow these directions, my friend, and your beef will be sweet and palatable, and if you don't "keep it" as long as you would wish, it will not be on account of any lack of "saving qualities" in its brine. A. B. C.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PLAN FOR AN ICE HOUSE.

Allow me to trouble you with my plan for an ice house, which I find very convenient. I have no spring house, and my cellar will not keep milk. The house is 12 feet square and 9 feet high, boarded up on both sides of 2x5 studding and filled in with saw-dust. It stands on a hill side facing the East, on which side I have an entrance to a closet 8 feet by 5 and 7 feet high. The inside is shelved off to put the milk pans on. The ice is packed on the back and end, and I find it all one could desire to keep milk, butter or meat in for any length of time. W. M. S.

Lake Phalan, Minn., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY.

MOVEABLE FRAME BEE-HIVES.—Will any one of the numerous readers of the "Newspaper" give us their experience with Langstroth's or any other moveable comb hive?

AUSTRALIAN COFFEE SEED is inquired for by some of our readers. Those who have the seed for sale would, no doubt, find purchasers by advertising it in these columns. We cannot find time to answer the letters of our correspondents in such matters.

TOBACCO SEED.—We are frequently inquired of where good tobacco seed can be obtained. We refer all such inquirers to our advertising columns, and advise those who have the seed for sale to make the facts known through that medium.

TIP-TOP CAKE.—One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teasponsful of cream of tartar and two cups of flour.

THE TEST.

[FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.]

"Farewell, a while, my bonnie darling!
One long, close kiss, and I depart;
I hear the angry trumpet snarling,
The drum-beat tingles at my heart."

Behind him, softest flutes were breathing
Across the vale their sweet recall;
Before him burst the battle, seething
In flame beneath its thunder pall.

All sights and sounds to stay invited;
The meadows tossed their foam of flowers;
The lingering day beheld, delighted,
The dances of his amorous hours.

He paused; again the fond temptation
Assailed his heart, so firm before,
And tender dreams, of love's creation,
Persuaded from the peaceful shore.

"But no!" he sternly cried; "I follow
The trumpet, not the shepherd's reed;
Let idlers pipe in pastoral hollow—
Be mine the sword, and mine the deed!

"Farewell to love!" he murmured, sighing;
"Perchance I lose what most is dear;
But better there, struck down and dying,
Than be a man and wanton here!"

He went where battle's voice was loudest;
He pressed where danger nearest came;
His hand advanced, among the proudest,
Their banner through the lines of flame.

And there when wearied carnage faltered,
He, foremost of the fallen, lay, [tered,
While night looked down with brow unal-
And breathed the battle's dust away.

There lying sore, from wounds untended,
A vision crossed the starry gleam:
The girl he loved beside him bended,
And kissed him in his fever dream.

"Oh love!" she cried, "you fled to find me;
I left with you the daisied vale;
I turned from flutes that waited behind me,
To hear your trumpet's distant hail.

"Your tender vows, your peaceful kisses,
They scarce outlived the moment's breath;
But now we clasp immortal blisses
Of passion proved on brinks of death!

"No fate henceforward shall estrange her
Who finds a heart more brave than fond:
For love, forsook this side of danger,
Waits for the man who goes beyond!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE.

BY A LADY.

"What shall I do to pass my time away pleasantly and usefully?" was the question I put to myself after the last "good-bye" had been spoken, the last kiss exchanged, and the parting words of my husband had died out of the now desolate room, leaving a lingering echo in my heart which sounded like desolation. "It will never do to sit down here idly, and brood in vain regret during his absence; and surely if *he* thought I should do nothing but pine and grieve after him, it would add a heavier weight than now rests upon his mind, for then two sore causes for trouble would rest upon him. It is enough to feel that our dear country calls for him in her affliction, and God go with him in her cause. I should blush for him if he held aloof now, nor offered himself, in the full vigor and pride of his young life, as a shield against the arrows of destruction which threaten her, and which have already severd some of the brightest links which bind our beloved nation. And while he has gone forth, brave, and in the defence of right and truth, shall I sit down and cry, like a miserable, selfish child, because it cannot have the toy it loves best always in its hand? No, no—that will never do! I should never do it! I should never claim to be the daughter of my proud, beautiful mother, America, could I for one moment be guilty of so selfish a weakness!"

So ran my thoughts as I stood beside the window, listening to the last clang and clatter of the bell on the boat which bore him away.

Slowly it put off from the wharf, and then up to God went as deep and fervent a prayer as ever wife breathed, for guidance and safety. His last kiss was still warm upon my lips—his last words ringing in my ears—and soon, perhaps, that voice, with its loving tones, might be forever hushed, and the warm lips, cold and mute, under the icy seal of death! Yet not for one moment would I have recalled him, even while I grew sick at heart, and a heavy dread strove to creep into my brain, driving away all its usually hopeful and pleasing fancies.

"It is right and just," I murmured, as I turned away, "and God will go with him. I know what I shall do. I shall go and take care of the poor sick boys at the hospital."

To think, with me, is to act. In a moment my bonnet and cloak were donned, and I was on my way with a light heart. Are there any wives, mothers or sisters who will not wonder how I could feel light-hearted, when I had just sent my husband away to battle—perhaps, never to look upon his dear face again? I will tell you why. *I trusted in God, and was yielding to an impulse to do good deeds.* I say good, because I was animated solely by the desire to render assistance and relieve suffering, and not by what other people might think or say of me.

On entering the hospital, I found the attending physician, Dr. E——, there, and introduced myself.

"I have nothing to do," I said, "and want you to employ me. Can I render assistance in any way?"

"Yes, madam," was his prompt response. "If you will come in sometimes and prepare something nourishing, and talk to them to keep them in good spirits, we shall be very glad."

"I shall certainly do so. I am glad if I can be of use."

I laid aside my bonnet and cloak, without further ceremony, and went to the sickest man I saw.

"How do you feel?" I asked, bending over him.

"Weak, ill—nigh to death," he replied in a tone so pitiful and full of despair that I felt the tears spring to my eyes. I sent them back to their source, however, and spoke in a full, firm, yet kind voice:

"Oh, no. You are not near death. You are ill, but you will not die. Uncle Sam has use for you yet, and in a few days you'll be up and ready to shoulder your musket again. Don't you think so?"

His eyes sparkled in their deep sockets, and a momentary flush rose to his pale cheek.

"Oh, if I could only think so! But the time drags so slowly, and here I lie useless, helpless, keeping those who could fight away to take care of me."

"Oh, well, you needed a little rest any way," I said, cheerfully. "Now I want to do something to cure you. Do you want your face bathed?"

"Yes, if it is not too much trouble," he said, eagerly.

"Not a bit. Now be easy, and I'll soon have you feeling nicely."

I got a basin of water, combs, brushes, sponge and soap, and came back to him. His large dark eyes rested with child-like pleasure on my face, as I carefully bathed his face and hands. He had grown so feeble that he could scarcely connect a sentence without pausing, and lay panting on his pillow from the slightest exertion. After bathing his face, I took the comb and straightened out the gnarled masses of long black hair that grew thickly over his brow. I soon found that illness had made him childish, though I at first started at his childish bluntness.

"You're mighty purty," he said, suddenly, and for a moment I did not know what to say, but then, I thought, "I may seem so to him, poor fellow," and only smiled in reply.

"What's your name?" he next asked.

"S——," I replied.

"You ain't married, are you?"

"Yes, and my husband's gone to fight as you did at Fort Donelson."

"Oh, dear," he said, fretfully, "I'm so sorry. What did you get married for? Never mind, I'll put a spider in his dumplings when I get well."

With these last words, a mischievous light broke over his face, and his black eyes fairly twinkled. I laughed merrily at him, and he seemed to enjoy it hugely. Poor fellow! little enough amusement he had. It he could amuse himself at my expense, I would have no objection.

My next patient was an orphan boy, sixteen years of age. Frank B—— belonged to Birge's Sharpshooters, and a braver heart never beat in the bosom of mortal man than that which throbbed in his.

While bathing his face, I asked him what induced him to leave his home and friends in Nebraska, to come away and peril his life at such an early age. His reply is worthy to be written by that of the noble Nathan Hale, who regretted having but "one life to offer to his country." He said: "I joined the army because I was young and strong. I have but one life, and that would be worth nothing to me if not offered to my country."

Noble boy! How many more, like him, have fallen, willing sacrifices!

The next day, I carried a basket of apples, oranges, pies, tea, &c., to the hospital. As I went in, several of the men lifted their heads and nodded pleasantly.

"I'm glad you have come back," says one, and another thought "it looked so homelike to see a woman amongst them."

My "admirer" with the black eyes clasped my hand when I offered him an orange, and kissed it gratefully.

"If I live," he said, "I'll always pray God to bless you. If I die, I'll watch over you from heaven."

Poor fellow! I wonder if from that heaven to which his spirit has flown, he is watching over me to-night as I pen these lines.

Frankie's blue eye greeted me with a glad smile before I was near enough to speak to him. When I bent over and asked how he felt, he answered me cheerfully, saying he hoped to be able soon to return to his regiment.

I bathed his face, gave him a cup of hot tea, with some toast, and left him sleeping sweetly.

Those who have never visited the hospitals, cannot conceive of the wretched condition in which the men are brought into them. That day twenty-eight were brought in from Donelson and Savannah, and such objects I never saw. Their faces and hands were stiff with coal dust, and burning with fever. Their hair long and matted—beard uncut and full of dirt.

It was a serious task to attempt rendering them comfortable, but I did not shrink from it. On the contrary, I felt grieved at my inability to serve more than one at a time. Oh, how I longed for the power to stir some of my own sex, who, in that town, passed the days in thoughtless idleness, to action, if only for an hour, to assist in bringing these poor sufferers to a comfortable condition.

From morning till noon, I toiled faithfully, glad from my heart, and thankful for the impulse that had sent me there. I went home and dined, and feeling tired, wanted to lie down and rest. But then, I had promised to bring some fruits to the boys in the afternoon, and I could not feel satisfied till I had done so, knowing that I could rest at any time, while they lay tossing in pain and fever, perhaps longing for a cooling draught they could not get.

It was four o'clock before I got away again, and then I was really tired. So days merged into weeks, and it became a regular routine. From eight to ten or eleven, and from half-past one to four, I took pleasure amongst them, even while pain stirred my heart to see their sufferings. One by one I could see them fading. No care or skill could save them. They had offered their lives to our country, and she had accepted the sacrifice.

Poor little Frank B—— daily grew weaker. Nothing could tempt him to eat, and his cough grew worse, while his face became thin and pale. He never lost his joyous spirit, but always seemed hopeful, even when too ill to rise from his berth.

One afternoon I was startled on entering by the most piteous cries, and found that they came from my little favorite, generally so brave and patient.

"Why, Frankie, what is the matter?" I asked bending over him.

"Oh, you have come! I did wish for you so much. Oh, I shall die, and I wanted somebody by who seemed to care for me a little. You do like me, don't you, dear Mrs. S——? You've been so kind to me. Oh, this pain! I can't stand it long!"

His hand grasped mine nervously, and every fibre of his frame quivered with pain, I saw that the dews of death were standing thickly already on the broad, beautiful forehead over which the fair hair clustered so prettily, and my eyes filled with tears of sorrow, deeper than words could express. I stooped to kiss him, and a glad cry escaped the blue lips of the dying boy.

"Oh, kiss me again, won't you! That is like my sister. Do kiss me once more; I feel better. Oh, I wouldn't mind to die if my sisters were here to tell me they loved me. You do love me a little, don't you?"

"Yes, a great deal, Frankie; as much as if I were your sister. Don't you think so? I'm sure you are a good boy, and I am sorry to see you suffer so."

He drew me down towards him, and pressed his face close to my arms. I could endure no more. The poor boy's mute appeal for tenderness and sympathy in his dying hour, far from home, breathing out his young life amid strangers, unnerved me. I drew that young bright head to my bosom, and my tears fell fast upon his sunny curls.

Did the gentle sisters he loved have one thought of the scene that was transpiring on that night, while perchance they sat and talked of him, their only and petted brother, in their far off home in Nebraska?

"You will stay with me, to-night, won't you?" he pleaded again. "Oh, you won't leave me to die alone?"

"No, Frankie, I'll stay with you."

He was comforted, and became more quiet as I clasped his hands and tried to soothe him. Gradually a purple hue overspread his face. Now his lips became whiter, and the large, clear eyes grew restless. When he could no longer speak, those eyes pleaded for some token of endearment, and each time that I pressed a kiss upon his forehead, a look of deep and earnest gratitude softened the suffering expression of his face.

About nine o'clock he breathed his last, and now every time I look down at my hand and see the little ring of mine he wore before he died, I seem to see the parting look of his great, sad eyes ere they were fixed in death. How sad the task to brush back the damp locks from the cold brow, and compose the blue limbs in their last repose! That night I wept and prayed for the sisters as I had never wept and prayed for myself, for he was all they had.

A few days after this another of my patients, one who was fast recovering, I thought, had a relapse, and was again confined to his berth. There had been a storm that dashed in the windows and he got wet.

On Friday he asked me to write some letters to his brother and sister, and his betrothed. I did so while he dictated. He appeared to be well educated, and a rich vein of mirth and sentiment pervaded his nature. This I soon discovered in his dictations, and was much interested. He showed me the minatures of his friends, and talked of soon returning home. Bade me say to his sister that he was coming soon. If he couldn't get a furlough, he would make one, &c.

Saturday found me almost blind from inflammation of the eyes, and I did not get to the hospital again until Monday morning. Sad faces greeted me. Matron, physicians and nurses wore serious faces, and the steward quietly placed letters, minatures and description roll in my hands. I looked towards Fred's place; it was vacant.

Oh, that was a sad task that I had then to perform! To sit down, three days after writing these pleasant, hopeful letters, and tell them that the heart which dictated them was still forever! I wrote to the lady he would have mode his wife, and returned her letters. I had rather have performed any other task on earth. The poor old father and mother, whose bent forms were fast tottering to the grave—the bright, sweet-faced sister—the loving brother! To all these I must convey tidings that would sting the hardest heart. Yet, such is the fortune of war!

These are but a few of the many instances of the kind which might be given to the public. Every day, for three or four weeks, I witnessed such scenes, performed such tasks as those I have named.

Since that, however, fortune has called me to scenes of a more startling nature. I have seen where the conflict raged, the forms of the dead and dying, and amongst those who yet lived, such suffering as the heart could not conceive without the eye having witnessed it. Forms mangled, crushed—to live and suffer for a few days, and then to die in the most horrible agony.

A BATTLE BETWEEN ANTS.

"Walden," by the late Henry D. Thoreau, contains in the chapter entitled "Brute Neighbors," the following account of an ant fight:

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day, when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather to my pile of stumps, I observed two ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with each other. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants; that was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two reds to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the first battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day, prepared to fight until the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbling on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of the black one's feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was conquer or die. In the meanwhile, there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose mether had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw the unequal contest from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented, which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and to c

ARMY AND NAVY.

THE NEW IRON-CLAD.

The frame of the iron clad steamer Tonawanda, in process of construction at our Navy Yard, presents a compact, solid appearance, the spaces between the ribs having been filled in with heavy timber. The outside of frame is to be planked in the usual manner, but the coat of mail is not to be fastened upon the planking. Large timbers are to be placed on the outside of the planking to receive the iron, and timbers of similar size will be placed on the inside of the frame. Altogether there will be nearly five feet of timber, and five inches of iron. In consequence of the unfavorable weather of the past few weeks, the work has made but little progress. Some of the plates have been received at the yard, but several weeks must elapse before the steamer will be ready to receive them.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Commander Sartori has been ordered to the the steam sloop-of-war Portsmouth.

Lieut. Selfridge is ordered to the command of the storeship Falmouth.

Paymaster Thornton is ordered to the frigate Sabine, and Paymaster Denniston to the steam sloop Ticonderoga.

Acting Assistant Surgeons Gifford and Osgood are ordered to the Mississippi Squadron.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, March 11, 1863.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TERMS:

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"HE THAT INCREASETH IN KNOWLEDGE INCREASETH IN SORROW," by Alice, we have filed for publication.

"THE PARSONAGE," by W. G. Stewart, is accepted. "ELDE," by the same, will also be published at our earliest convenience.

"TRIFLES," by "Jessamine," a very pleasing little sketch, will appear.

"LINES," by E. F. B., are respectfully declined.

"WANTED," a little effusion, by J. P. B., shall early have place in our columns.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

The Thirty-seventh Congress finally closed its sessions on Wednesday last, after the consideration and passage of measures of greater magnitude and more lasting interest than have ever before employed the attention of any deliberative body in the Western hemisphere. During its existence, it authorized the call of the President for 500,000 volunteers, and the issue of Letters of Marque and Reprisal, and besides the passage of the Conscription bill, the Internal Revenue and Currency bills, the bill giving the President power to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and the Appropriation bill, it also passed other important measures that in ordinary times would have attracted universal interest, but have been made to assume a secondary consequence, by the pressure of the civil war. Among these are the Homestead bill; the Pacific Railroad bill; a bill for the prohibition of polygamy in Utah; for the exclusion of slavery from the Territories and for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; the Agricultural College bill; the recognition of Hayti and Liberia, the resolution to co-operate with the States in emancipation of slaves, and the reorganization of the Supreme Court of the United States. Among the bills that were considered but not passed, were several of scarcely inferior moment, the principal of which were the Bankrupt bill, the proposition to enlarge canals for the passage of gunboats from the Missisippi to the Atlantic, the bill to admit Nebraska, Colorado and Nevada into the Union, and the bills to aid Missouri, Delaware and Maryland in abolishing slavery by an appropriation for each.

The magnitude of the financial measures and appropriations of the Congress which has just expired has been without precedent in this country. Its appropriations during the Extra Session of July, 1861, were about $261,000,000; during the long Session, ending July 17th, 1862, $913,600,000; and for the session just closed, $1,100,000,000, or a total of $2,277,000,000. During this period the receipts from imports, internal revenue, direct taxes, &c., have been $320,000,000—making the amount of indebtedness, including the $70,000,000 debt of the last Administration, $2,027,000,000. To meet this the Secretary of the Treasury has beenauthorized to make the following issues upon the credit of the Government:

First issue of legal tender notes	$150,000,000
Second issue legal tender notes	150,000,000
For payment of the army	100,000,000
Certificates of indebtedness	150,000,000
Fractional currency	50,000,000
Bonds issued to date	475,000,000
Interest bearing Treasury notes convertible into legal tender notes at the will of the Secretary of the Treasury	400,000,000
Senate's amendment to conference bill	50,000,000
Bonds authorized by conference committee, (20 and 40 years)	300,000,000
Total	$1,925,000,000

To this may be added $300,000,000, under the bank bill, making a grand total of $2,125,000,000.

SHIP-BUILDING FOR THE REBELS.

The London News publishes a full account of the extraordinary exertions made in English and Scotch shipyards to fit out vessels, not only for the contraband trade, but for the rebel navy. Under the pretence of being intended for the Emperor of China, two powerful war steamers, each of 2200 tons burden, of the ram class and partially iron-plated, are being built at Birkenhead by the Messrs. Laird, the builders of the "290," or Alabama. In the same yard, another steamer of similar character, but smaller size, is being built under the superintendance of Capt. Bullock, who commanded the "290," and delivered her over to Capt. Semmes. Besides these, at the yard of the Messrs. Lawrence, in the Mersey, a large screw steamer is being built. Thompson & Brothers are building on the Clyde a powerful armor clad steam ram to be ready by April 9th. Messrs. Denny & Son, of Dumbarton, have constructed two fine screw steamers; and two weeks ago a fine vessel, of the same class as the Alabama was launched at Port Glasgow by the Messrs. Blackwood, all for the same apocryphyal individual. Besides these, Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Co., of Liverpool, the "depositaries," as they style themselves, of the Confederate Government, have contracted for a large vessel of 3000 tons. Nearly all these vessels are being constructed, as given out, for the Emperor of China, but that celestial potentate must be overcoming his exclusiveness in a very remarkable degree, to want a powerful iron-clad navy, his political troubles mostly being of an internal and not an external character.

ATLANTIC AND OHIO TELEGRAPH.

The Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company—extending from Philadelphia to Pittsburg—we observe by a report to the Legislature from the Auditor General, has paid into the State Treasury, on account of tax on capital stock, from November, 1861, to February 12, 1863, inclusive, the total sum of five thousand two hundred and four dollars. The Susquehanna River Telegraph Company has paid in all, $12 16, and the Philadelphia and Wilkesbarre Telegraph Company 90 cents! There are nine other telegraph companies in the State, no one of which has ever paid taxes to the Commonwealth. Another Telegraph Company, from Harrisburg to Easton, connecting directly with New York, is nearly completed, and an application is pending in the Legislature for another line hence to Pittsburg. When these are in operation it is hoped the Commonwealth may look a little more closely after the collection of tax from them. It seems now the Atlantic and Ohio Company is about the only one that pays tax of any account. Being a reliable line, with extensive connections, it does a large business, and is therefore able to pay. Telegraphing, like other productive pursuits, requires capital, labor and attention to make it useful or profitable, and all these the Atlantic and Ohio have.

TEXAS INVADED BY MEXICANS,

The Texas Flag of the 2d inst., has accounts of an invasion of our (rebel) soil by Mexican banditti, who are stealing horses, cattle, &c., Captain Benevida's company was attacked in Zapata county, and all their horses stampeded. They also captured and hung Juador Vella, Chief Justice of Zapata county. About five hundred Mexicans have been organized for the purpose of plundering the frontier, and their acts are approved by the Mexican authorities. They at last accounts were on the Texass side of the Rio Grande, and some of them are under the United States flag. It is not improbable that the "banditti," here discribed, are Union refugees whom the rebels have driven out of Texas, and who have come back armed to recover what they have lost. It is known that no mercy has been shown to any one in Texas suspected of Union sentiments. They have been robbed, maltreated, and many of them flung. Those who escaped would very naturally like the opportunity, if they felt themselves strong enough to return and punish in some measure the authors of these wrongs.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.—The bill authorizing privateering was passed into a law by Congress, and has received the signature of the President.

WESTERN NAVAL OPERATIONS.

The worst disaster which has happened to our fleet on the Mississippi, was the loss of the Queen of the West and the Indianola, both captured by the rebels after they had successfully passed the batteries at Vicksburg. The former, captured first, was used as a ram to attack the Indianola. It appears the Indianola was placed in a bad position, and was badly managed by the pilot. The Queen of the West, Webb, and Music were pitted against her. The Webb had heavy guns, and used them with effect. The rams butted against her, and crushed her with the blow. When the boats came alongside with the rebels, instead of giving them a shower of hot water, the crew and officers ran aboard the rebel rams. The rebels reported subsequently that the Indianola was so badly injured that she sunk; but this was but a ruse to give them time to refit her for service. We learn by a despatch in the Richmond papers that they have since been compelled to blow her up at Warrenton, and that the Queen of the West has taken a sudden flight down the river toward Port Hudson. The cause of this sudden turn of affairs is not given, but as the presence of Union troops at the scene of these operations is mentioned, we infer that the expedition which was to go down below Vicksburg by way of Lake Providence, and the bayous connecting therewith, on which a great deal of labor has been bestowed to make the channels navigable, has been a success, and our gunboats have been able to clear out the rebel rams. At the last accounts an expedition of about 15,000 men, with gunboats, was about to start down through this new route. The rebel report in the Richmond papers is doubtless the first intimation of the success which has attended it. This is confirmed by the subsequent report that an immediate assault was expected to be made on Port Hudson, one of the objects of the expedition being to assail that place on the north while Banks attacked it on the south. The destruction of the Indianola leaves the rebels no advantage from their late success in capturing it, except weakening our own naval force.

FROM LIBERIA.

The last West African mail steamer at Liverpool is reported to have brought eleven thousand pounds in gold. The Senate of Liberia has promptly ratified the treaty of amity and commerce made between that Republic and the United States, and forwarded it to Gerard Raiston, Esq., Consul-General of Liberia in England, to exchange ratifications with Hon. Mr. Adams, the American Minister resident in London. This is an important treaty, and as it is understood to have duly received the approbation of the proper authorities at Washington, it needs but the formality named to give it full effect. Treaties have also been concluded by Liberia with the Kingdom of Italy, with Holland, and with Denmark. That with the United States is justly considered of the greatest value. We have been furnished with the following copy of a letter, written by an intelligent black man, who emigrated nearly four years ago, under the auspices of the Colonization Society.

MONROVIA, November 3, 1862.

JESSE E. GLASGOW:—Dear Brother—I write to inform you that we are all well—thanks be to God for his goodness to us! I can truly say that I never enjoyed better health in all my life. I hope that you and your family are enjoying the same good health we are. We can truly tell you that the Lord has blessed us both spiritually and temporally. Dear brother, I oftentimes wish that you were here, enjoying the same liberty and privileges that I enjoy. There are many privileges here for the colored people that they never can get in your country. I wish that you, and all of my relatives, were participating in them. I am sorry to hear of the great calamity that is in the United States, at this time, on account of my own color; but, on the other hand, rejoice because you all have had the same opportunity that I had, as I now enjoy both spiritual and temporal blessings such as the colored people cannot in America. Yours,

S. C. GLASGOW.

BRITISH AID FOR THE REBELS.

The London News' correspondent who promised some additional particulars respecting the fleet of vessels fitting out in England for the rebels, has published a second communication, in which he shows that nine steamers recently left English ports with 58 cannon, 20,960 muskets, 30,080 rifles, over five millions of cartridges, and twenty millions percussion caps. He says, numbers of vessels laden with material and munitions of war constantly leave the chief ports of the United Kingdom, notably London, Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, Glasgow and Belfast. They clear outwards for neutral ports, but many of them are again heard of as having been captured by United States cruisers, while attempting to run the blockade, or as having succeeded in doing so. He gives the names of a number of these vessels, with their cargoes, showing that the supply of munitions of war for the rebels from these sources is immense. The writer goes on to add:

"Surely the shipment to neutral ports of such vast quantities of material and munitions of war is in itself a sufficiently suspicious circumstance to justify the interference of the proper authorities to prevent violations of the law. What the honorable member for Sunderland, whose voice has been not so unfrequently raised in the House in defence of the slaveholders' rebellion, have the temerity to affirm his ignorance of the nature of the transactions in which his name figures with disgraceful prominence! Will he say that his offices in the city of London are the common resort of Charleston and other American pilots, but especially Southerners, who tout there for hire in this contraband trade? The Government owes it to itself first, to its ally the Federal Government next, to prosecute and to punish those who violate either the Queen's proclamation, the Foreign Enlistment act, or the customs regulations. It is simply incredible that it alone is not cognizant of facts notorious in commercial circles, and the evidence of which is more easily accessible to its agents than to lookers-on. The one circumstance to be kept in view is, that these parties ship goods, contraband of war, ostensibly to neutral ports, but with a full knowledge that they are intended for another destination, and that one which is not legally accessible to them; in other words, that they are going to blockaded ports. Here the subject is left for the present by, my lord, yours, &c."

NEW JERSEY LEGISLATION.

A portion of the New Jersey Legislature seem determined to force the State into an attitude of collision with the General Government. Mr. English, of the Jersey Assembly, has introduced a bill to put the militia of that State upon a war footing, acting probably upon the resolutions of the public meeting, asserting that the sovereign rights of the State were about to be invaded by the General Government, and it is necessary that the State should prepare its militia to defend its sovereign rights. The bill provides that the militia shall be called the "State forces of New Jersey," and all male inhabitants from 18 to 45 are to be enrolled by properly appointed officers under a bureau of enrolment and drafting. The bill further provides that the military duties and services required by the State are parades and drills for inspection or review, encampment duty or heavy artillery instruction, and actual service in its preservation and defence. The sum of $2,000,000 is appropriated by the bill towards enabling the Governor or Commander-in-Chief, to organize, arm and equip the State forces for the defence of the State, and authorizes the Governor and Treasurer to borrow such sum, if not in the Treasury, to secure the payment of which they may issue negotiable bonds. The Governor is also authorized to procure the most approved arms, munitions and implements of war, as may be necessary for the equipment of the "State forces."

GENERAL BANKS AND THE PLANTERS IN LOUISIANA.—Gen. Banks has been earnestly endeavoring to establish a system of labor in Louisiana which shall be equally just to the planters and the slaves. Since the rebellion and the occupation of the country, which has destroyed the authority of the disloyal master over the slave, the plantations have been neglected, cultivation stopped, and thousands of the slave population mast either starve or become a cost to the Government. The planters cannot induce the negroes to work. This condition of affairs would right itself in time perhaps, but to avoid the present inconveniences General Banks has adopted a system of labor by which the slaves are to receive a small rate of wages from the planters in compensation for their labor. This plan, it is believed, will work advantageously to all parties, though its novelty is by no means its recommendation to the favor of the planters.

MASON PROPERLY APPRECIATED.—At a meeting in London of the friends and supporters of emancipation, one of the speakers, alluding to the recent Lord Mayor of London's dinner, at which Mason, the rebel commissioner, was a guest, said: "The city of London would lie under a stigma which he believed it did not deserve, until its citizens met in Common Council to resent the insult which the present Lord Mayor had put upon it in welcoming Mr. Mason."

THE DEAD SUBJECTED TO THE NATIONAL REVENUE LAW.—In Boston, the City Clerk has to give a permit before a body can be buried in a graveyard. The question has arisen whether the permit had to bear a stamp, and Commissioner Boutwell decides that it must. So that a man cannot be buried in Boston unless his friends first pay a ten cent tax. This is running the revenue law "into the ground."

GOVERNMENT ARRESTS IN DELAWARE.—Governor Cannon, of Delaware, has officially informed the Legislature, that he intends to pardon all persons who may be convicted under the law recently enacted making participation in arbitrary arrests a penal offence. The Government thinks that no loyal person is in much danger of an arrest.

THE ESCAPED STEAMER SUMTER, which lay so long blockaded in the Mediterranean by United States gunboats, was at the last advices lying at Liverpool. Her name has been changed to the Gibraltar, and though she was nominally sold, it is known that she is as much a pirate as ever.

AMUSEMENTS.

The German opera, at the *Academy of Music*, is succeeding wonderfully well, considering the bad weather and the fact that we are in the middle of Lent.

At the new *Chesnut Street Theatre*, Mr. Forrest continues his engagement to full houses, Miss Lucille Western playing on the off nights in the popular drama of "East Lynne."

At the *Walnut Street Theatre*, Mr. Eddy continues his engagement through the present week, giving six representations of Boucicault's effective drama of the "Colleen Bawn."

At the *Arch Street Theatre*. Mr. John Wilkes Booth is playing the second week of his engagement, and is creating quite a furor among theatre goers.

At Gardner & Hemmings' *Circus*, James Melville, the great Australian horseman, is just the attraction. He is considered the greatest and most dashing rider in America.

Signor Blitz is at the Assembly Building, and is as successful as ever in the interest and variety of his performances. The Signor never fails to provoke a laugh, the best evidence of his merit as a performer.

The Eleventh Street Opera House is now one to one of the largest and most effective companies in burlesque opera and negro singing and dancing, that we have ever had in Philadelphia.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

☞ The colored company of 51 men raised in New Bedford has gone into camp.

☞ A man's trials cannot be insufferable if he lives to talk about them.

☞ Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

☞ Is there any perceptible improvement in a caterpillar when he turns over a new leaf?

☞ Tea. The destruction of the Jacob Bell caused an advance of about three cents a pound in the tea market at New York.

☞ If patrons were a good deal more disinterested, ingratitude would probably be a good deal more rare.

☞ Eschew fine words as you would *rouge*. Love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks.

☞ Those who have resources within themselves and can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but know how to prize them the most.

☞ When doctrines mischievous in themselves are recommended by the good life of their author, it is like the arming of a depraved woman with beauty.

☞ Every good doctrine leaves behind it an ethereal furrow ready for the planting of seeds which shall bring an abundant harvest.

☞ When we get old our friends find it very difficult to please us, and are little concerned whether we are pleased or not.

☞ Self-respect is the ballast of our lifeship. Without it, let the craft be what she will, she is but a fine sea-coffin at the best.

☞ Floating debts on railroads are melting away in every section of the country like snow-flakes, and all stockholders cry Amen.

☞ In our adversity it is night with us, and in the night many beasts of prey range abroad that keep their dens through the day.

☞ It is not the grandeur or diminutiveness of the objects, but the greatness or littleness of the views entertained of them, which affect and form the character.

☞ It is announced that General Sigel has resigned his command in the army, owing to irreconcilable differences with the Commander-in-Chief.

☞ A Raleigh paper charges that the petty tyranny of the rebel military and the operations of speculators have brought starvation upon the people.

☞ The Federal gunboat Essex had picked up four torpedoes near Port Hudson, each one of them containing two hundred pounds of powder.

☞ A Jackson, Mississippi, despatch says that a Jew had been arrested on the charge of offering to spike the guns at Port Hudson for $50,000.

☞ The Harriet Lane is still shut in at Galveston. She has been taken up one of the rivers, and the rebels are, it is believed, converting her into an iron-clad steamer.

☞ The Richmond negro market is reported active and buoyant. The offerings are large and the demand heavy. The price of adults ranges from $1700 to $3500.

☞ There is a rumor that the charming little Patti is going to be married immediately, and she will retire from public life altogether. This will be a terrible loss to the musical world.

☞ Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and the example is a good one for our imitation. If you would demolish an opponent in argument, first make him as mad as you can.

☞ Mrs. Lander (late Miss Davenport) wife of the late Gen. Lander, has been appointed General Superintendent of hospitals in the department of the South. She is at Beaufort, South Carolina.

☞ Not the least wonderful of the many discoveries that have grown out of the introduction of rock oil, is the knowledge of its valuable properties as a styptic. It is said to staunch the flow of blood as soon as applied.

☞ The real genuine original sea serpent is said to have been caught on the East coast of South America. The serpent was one hundred and fifty feet long, with a head and tail like a lizard, and it took six men to carry one of its ribs.

☞ It is at last intended to make the Thames Tunnel something more than a damp, unpleasant show. A railway is to run through it and thus connect the railways whose termini are at the Northern side of the river with those to the South.

☞ At a young ladies' seminary, during an examination in history, one of the most prominent pupils was interrogated: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the prompt reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull!"

☞ The amount of money to be paid into the United States Treasury, for exemption from military duty, by the Quakers of Indiana, it is said, will amount to about two hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars. This is a heavy tax for conscience sake.

☞ A remedy for poisoning by strychnine and mushrooms is announced in England. It consists in making the patient eat large quantities of refined sugar, and in desperate cases opening a vein and injecting sugared water. Its effects are to oxygenate the blood and restore the circulation.

☞ "A Small Quaker" is the name of the latest style of hoop introduced for ladies' wear. It is moderate in circumference, and leaves the drapery to sweep gracefully from the waist to the sidewalk, and so around the corner, if the lady pleases. Success to the "Small Quaker," will say the owners of omnibusses, public halls, four-rod avenues, and other places frequented by the public.

☞ There were 284 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 147 were adults and 137 children. There were 40 from consumption of the lungs; 15 from convulsions; 4 from diptheria; 8 from dropsy; 3 from disease of the heart; 17 from debility; 15 from typhoid fever; 25 from inflammation of the lungs; 8 from marasmus; 6 from old age, and 3 from small pox. Deaths and interments of soldiers in the city, 11.

☞ An old statute against profane swearing has just been revived in London, and under its provisions the Court of Queen's Bench has sentenced one Scott to pay a fine of forty shillings sterling for swearing an oath twenty times repeated. "This," says the Saturday Review, "is at the rate of two shillings an oath! yet the man Scott's poverty in malediction is made up his pertinacity in availing himself of such weapons as the devil supplied him with."

☞ The mediation scheme of the French Emperor is indignantly denounced by the Richmond papers. They feel sore that he has not recognized them, and in proposing mediation makes the offer only to the lawful Government, without asking the "Confederacy" whether it will be agreeable or not. The rebel pride cannot stand such a slight as this. They have been endeavoring to convince the world that they are a "power," but to be regarded only as insurgents by the friend from whose intervention they had hoped so much, is galling, and they show their feeling by denouncing the whole scheme of mediation.

HAY FOR THE GOVERNMENT

At the present time the demand for hay by the Government is so great that a large number of persons are engaged in buying up that article in the State of New Jersey for the Government. The price generally paid in the middle and western part of the State is from $15 to $18 per ton. The hay is packed in bundles, strongly hooped for transportation, and sold to the Government for $26, thereby amply remunerating the buyers for their time and trouble in getting it to New York, where it is delivered. In three days one hundred and eighty carloads, each car carrying thirty bales, arrived in Jersey City, over the New Jersey and Morris and Essex Railroads, which were unloaded on the New Jersey railroad dock, and the hay was then taken on board of the Government transports, and carried to its destination. Many of the farmers have been holding back their last year's crop, and are now receiving a good price from the buyers for the Government.

SAVANNAH EXPECTING AN ATTACK.—The people of Savannah have been expecting that a naval and land attack would be made upon that city before Charleston was assaulted. By the last accounts from Port Royal, this impression seems to have some foundation. A considerable body of troops have been despatched to Ogeechee, and the Monitors, Montauk and Passaic, are also to be stationed there for the present.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

The Late Defeat at Franklin, Tenn.

News from Franklin to the 8th instant, states that our troops fought with great valor in the recent conflict until their ammunition was exhausted.

Our loss in killed and wounded was about three hundred, and in prisoners a thousand. The report about the rebel negro regiments proves to have been untrue.

The rebel loss, according to their statement, was double that on our side in killed and wounded. None of our officers were killed.

The Cincinnati Gazette of the 9th inst., has received a special despatch stating that there is no evidence that Colonel Coburn omitted any precaution to guard against surprise. On the contrary, there was no surprise or ambuscade.

The rebel general, Van Dorn, was known to be in force in front, and the brigade of Union forces was slowly advancing when the rebels appeared in overwhelming numbers. They engaged us in front and on both flanks. The 124th Ohio, with the wagon train, was in the rear. They were cut off by the rebel flank movement, and escaped. The 26th Wisconsin, 69th Michigan and 63d and 85th Indiana were completely surrounded and compelled to surrender.

On the following day, under a flag of truce, Colonel Opdyke learned from the rebel escort that they had buried about 80 Union privates killed outright, and that some 20 had died of their wounds. No Union officers were killed.

The rebels admit having had a force of from 15,000 to 20,000 men belonging to General Van Dorn's Division. They say sixteen rebel Brigadier Generals were on the field. The actual rebel force was twelve thousand engaged. They acknowledge a loss of one Colonel, together with several line officers. Their loss was 180 killed and a proportionate number wounded.

Col. Coburn surrendered his command in person to Gen. Forrest. The Twenty-second Wisconsin lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners taken, 159 privates and commissioned officers. The Nineteenth Michigan lost 154 privates and commissioned officers, including Col. Gilbert. The Thirty-third Indiana lost 140 privates and commissioned officers, including Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson. The Eighty-fifth Indiana lost 260 privates and commissioned officers, including Col. J. B. Baird, slightly wounded. Adjutant H. B. Adams, of Col. Coburn's staff, was in the rear, urging forward the ammunition wagons, and was cut off by the rebels and escaped capture.

A Dashing Affair at Unionville, Tenn.

A division of cavalry, under Acting Brigadier-General Minty, attacked Russell's rebel cavalry at Unionville, ten miles southeast of Murfreesboro', on Saturday, the 7th instant. They captured twenty-one wagons, twenty-five tents, eighty-five mules, five horses, and all the camp equipage and the uniform of Colonel Russell, together with two captains, three lieutenants, fifty-three privates. Two Federals were slightly wounded. The rebels lost fifty killed and one hundred and eighty wounded, all by sabre strokes. The Seventh Pennsylvania and Fourth Michigan did the work.

The Gazette's correspondent adds: "Look out for stirring despatches from this quarter within three days, if the rebels stand their ground."

Daring Rebel Raid into Fairfax Court House.

Information has been received at Washington, that Captain Mosely, with his command, stealthily entered Fairfax Court House this morning at two o'clock, and captured the Provost Marshal, O'Scanner, his patrol, a number of horses, &c., together with Gen. Stoughton, and all the men detached from his brigade. They also took every horse which could be found, public and private.

The commanding officer of the post was also taken prisoner. Colonel Johnston, of the 5th New York Cavalry, made his escape. The rebels searched for men in every direction.

All our available cavalry force were at the latest accounts in pursuit of the rebels.

The enemy made their appearance suddenly, during a rain storm. Gen. Stoughton had established his headquarters at some distance from his brigade.

The rebels captured a hundred and ten horses. They went in search of Gen. Wyndham, but that gentleman happened to be in Washington. They, however, searched his trunk and took his papers. A telegraph operator, it is said, was also taken prisoner.

From Vicksburg and Vicinity.

The news is more cheerful from Vicksburg. A special despatch to the Commercial says the health of the army is improving, and important movements are pending.

Last week two steamers, with infantry and cavalry, went to Carolina Landing, and after a three days' absence, returned with two hundred mules, one hundred and thirty head of beef cattle, thirty bales of cotton, several thousand bushels of corn, a number of negroes, and plenty of chickens, eggs, potatoes, &c.

All the canals, it is believed, will prove successful. One gunboat, up the Yazoo Pass, had nearly reached Yazoo city. There was no doubt as to our ability to get forces in the rear of Vicksburg, and thus cut off communication with Jackson.

At Lake Providence the canal is nearly ready for use. As soon as the obstructions are removed, the water is to be let into it. Already the Mississippi is fourteen feet higher than the water in the lake.

Vicksburg is sure to fall. It is feared the enemy may evacuate it first. It is said the owners of property along the stream to be overflowed via Lake Providence have made offers to the citizens of Vicksburg of one million and a half in money if they will "wreader, and save them from loss by cutting the levee.

The destruction of property will be immense should the lands be inundated.

INAND ABOUT WASHINGTON.

The extra session of the Senate will likely continue for several days. Quite a number of nominations will be sent in for its action, including 30 Major Generals, 70 or 80 Brigadiers, and Judges for the District Courts.

Captain Thomas H. Elliott was confirmed by the Senate, on Saturday last, as Assistant Adjutant-General of the 2d Division, 12th Corps, Brig.-Gen. Geary, to which position he was appointed by the President, on the 29th of last July. He entered the service in the 28th Penna. Vols., at the outbreak of the war, and fought in all the engagements of that regiment, and with General Geary at Cedar Mountain and Antietam. Captain Elliott is a Philadelphian, and was formerly associated with the press of that city.

We have Savannah dates to the afternoon of the 4th, which put at rest the reports concerning the capture of Fort McAllister. It had then been bombarded by our forces for nearly two days, but with no signs of a surrender. Indeed, the rebels assert that the fort has not been injured at all.

The recent running of the Charleston blockade by four vessels in one day (three in and one out) is the subject of much comment and surprise, and the query is naturally asked, "where were our vessels, that such a wholesale running of the blockade should have occurred?" At present, I believe, no official explanation of the affair has been received, but it is not unlikely but what one will be demanded; if, indeed, it has not been already. The rebel despatches state that all these vessels passed directly in sight of our squadron, and that not a gun was fired, or a move of any kind made to intercept them.

The number of brevet appointments sent into the Senate by the President reaches nearly eight hundred, all of which are in connection with the army of the Potomac. The nominations are said to have been considered as confidential, yet many of them are already quite common property on the avenue. There is some doubt as to how the Senate will receive the nominations, but it is not unlikely that a considerable number of them will be rejected.

I hear that some 10,000 bales of cotton have been ordered to be shipped from Liverpool to New York. It is questionable whether or not this cotton will pay expenses. It certainly would not at the rates of exchange current a few days since. A.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—The Senate in executive session to-day confirmed the following nominations:

David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, to be Judge of the Court of Claims.

Alberet S. White, of Indiana; Eli R. Chase, of Wisconsin, and Cyrus Aldrich, of Minnesota, to be Commissioners under act of Congress "for the relief of persons for damages sustained by reason of depredations and injuries by certain bands of Sioux Indians," approved February 6th, 1863

Clinton C. Hutchinson, of Kansas, to be Agent of the Ottowas and Chippewas of Swan Creek and Black River, and the Christian Indians of Kansas.

Hon. W. H. Wallace, late a delegate from Washington Territory in Congress, was to-day nominated by the President for Governor of the New Territory of Idaho; also Hon. John H. Gurley for Governor, and Richard C. McCormick, Esq., for Secretary of the New Territory of Arizona. Hon. John M. Goodwin was nominated for Chief Justice of the same territory.

Thomas Olcutt, of Albany, well known in financial circles, has been nominated by the President as Controller of the Currency under the act providing for a national currency secured by United States bonds.

Mr. Frank Moore, of the "Rebellion Record," came to Washington recently to urge the establishment of a bureau of information and statistics, etc. He has been authorized to prepare for the library of Congress, a collection of documents on the rebellion from its commencement. Any documents can be forwarded to him at New York.

THE PNEUMATIC POST IN OPERATION.—We learn from the London Mechanics' Magazine of February 6th, that the Pneumatic Post is now in operation, transmitting the mails between one of the railroad stations and a branch post-office in London. Our cotemporary says: "The mail bags, upwards of 120 per day, will be blown through the tube in 55 seconds to the post-office, Eversholt street; the usual time occupied by the mail carts being about 10 minutes." The Pneumatic Despatch Company are about to lay down tubes for connecting the markets of London with one of the great railroad stations and with the General Post-office. It is expected that the operations of this company will ultimately in a great measure tend to revolutionize the carrying system in London, and relieve the crowded state of its principal streets.

IN THE DRAINAGE of the Cornish mines the economy of fuel is much attended to. A bushel of coals usually raises forty thousand tons of water a foot high; but it has on some occasions raised sixty thousand tons the same height. Let us take its labor at fifty thousand tons raised one foot high. A horse worked in a fast stage-coach, pulls against an average resistance of about a quarter of a hundred weight. Against this he is able to work at the usual speed through about eight miles daily. his work is therefore equivalent to about five hundred tons raised one foot. A bushel of coals, consequently, as used in Cornwall, performs as much labor as a day's work of one hundred such horses.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, March 9, 1863.

Gen. Wool returned from his Eastern trip last Saturday, and resumed his business at headquarters here. Next week, it is understood, the initiatory proceedings in relation to the forthcoming conscription will be ordered. The enrolment lists, authorized by the State last Fall, and now in the custody of Judge Advocate Anthon, will probably be the basis of the U. S enumeration.

Letters from Havana, by the steamer Columbia, from loyal Americans just now staying there, represent the Secession clique as very jubilant during the last week, principally owing to the successful running of the blockade by so many vessels, together with the continued success of the rebel privateers. It is also stated that the Cuban officials are making an ostentatious display of their sympathies for the Secession Heine (Jeff Davis's agent) was the frequent guest of grandees at parties, where Union men were never invited.

Real estate, during the week past, has not been perceptibly influenced by the panic in gold. The demand for first-class mansions on the up-town avenues continues very active, and prices averaging 15 a 20 per cent. on last year's values are paid, without compunction. This demand is for speculation and investment both. For first-class stores and warehouses in the lower part of the city, there is a steady demand, from parties intending to occupy them after May 1st.

The steamers that sailed for Europe the 7th, (the Glasgow and Borussia) had an aggregate of 115 passengers. The decline in gold, it is thought, will multiply the applications for passage now. Of late these steamers, from that source, have been doing a rather poor business. They have had profitable freights each way, however, and this has enabled them to strike a balance on the right side of the ledger.

A peculiar and very romantic case has recently come to the notice of the police. Late on Thursday a young Irish woman, named Mary Clark, was taken to the Bellevue Hospital, suffering from the effects of a dose of laudanum, which she had taken in a moment of desperation, under the following circumstances For some time past Mary has been living with a negro—black as the ace-of-spades—as his wife; he having, as it is alleged, seduced her under a promise of marriage. Finally, becoming tired of his paramour, he cast her off and married a woman of his own race and color. Mary learning of his marriage, went back to him and implored him to allow her to remain with him. He consented, but this state of things could not last long, and last night, becoming jealous of the attentions paid the negro's wife, the unfortunate girl purchased a quantity of laudanum, and took it, with the intention of committing suicide. Upon her arrival at the hospital she was in a very low condition, and it was with the greatest difficulty that her life was preserved.

The gold fever in Wall street last Friday, was again intense. A detachment of police were on duty and constantly engaged in removing the "curbstone brokers" and other outside operators, who placed up the sidewalks and middle of the streets, putting an end to all travel for some time. At the public board the excitement was even greater, and it was with the greatest difficulty business could be carried on.

The "bulls" were in a pitiable condition of nervousness, and even a premium of ten per cent. would go down they would behave almost like madmen, and they tried all sorts of dodges to send the price up—or at least to keep it stationery—but in vain, it would go down, down, down. Some of the "incidents" were of a tragi-comic character. Early in the morning the body of a child, an infant, was found in Wall street, and about noon the Coroner proceeded to hold an inquest. Being in want of a jury he secured the services of a posse of police, and marching into the excited crowd of "bears" seized six of the unlucky animals by the collars and marched them off to the station house, where they were forced to sit upon the body for more than half an hour. One sharp-featured Israelite, intently watching the movements of the Coroner, and while in the act of making a bid at 54, suddenly swooned away with the fifty-to fifty-four" still on his lips. He was soon brought to, however, but was again seized with a fainting fit, and a second time he relapsed into unconsciousness, causing no little alarm and confusion to those around. He was subsequently removed.

It is reported that the saving banks have entered largely into speculative operations—thus using their deposits to keep up the high rates. Legislative action is to be taken on the subject, it is understood.

Five persons (names suppressed) were taken into custody on Saturday, by a Deputy Provost Marshal of Troy, charged with altering United States one dollar greenbacks to "tens." The accused are said to be the principals in a formidable combination of counterfeiters operating from this city as a centre. Considerable amounts of the spurious trash are said to have been palmed off on the public elsewhere.

The week closes with an active money market. There is quite a brisk demand for capital on call, but the supply is more than sufficient. Six per cent. is the ruling rate. There is a moderate supply of paper on hand at 5 to 5½ per cent. for first class for endorsed 60 days, and 5 a 6 for four to six months. Good single names 6 a 7; other paper 7 a 10.

The shipments of specie from this port during the last week amounted to $733,163. This includes the amounts forwarded by the packets of Saturday.

Foreign exchange closed irregular and unsettled, the rates fluctuating with the rise and fall in gold. Early in the morning, for first-class bills on London, operators were asking 172. There were no sales made, however, at 171¾ a 171¾, and, in one instance, as low as 171. The last important transaction was made at 171¾.

Gold on Saturday opened at about 154, from which point it ran down as low as 152. It afterwards took a start, however, and rushed up to 157, but it again fell off and finally closed at 155¾, with sales of $300,000.

COTTON.—The market is heavy; sales for middling Uplands were made at 84 a 85c.

FLOUR, &c.—The market for Western and State Flour is less active and prices are lower; we hear of sales of 5000 bbls. at $6 60 a 6 90 for superfine State and Western; $7 a 7 15 for extra State; $7 25 a 7 40 for the low grades of Western extra, and $7 45 a 7 60 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour continues dull and heavy; sales of 500 bbls. were made at $7 50 a 7 80 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $7 70 a 10 25 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is in moderate demand at $5 20 a 5 55. Cornmeal is steady, with sales of